JOHN BULL 2½D
VOL. LXIX 1821

AIR RAID! A LLOYDS POLICY FOR EVERY READER

DIGGING HITLER'S GRAVE

KEYS OF THE WORLD By A.G.G.

And now Dettol Ointment

Many disorders of the skin are either caused by germs or else, through scratching, exposure or other causes, become germ infected. There can be no cure or healing of any septic skin condition until the germs of infection have been destroyed.

It is to fight and to destroy the germs of skin infections that Dettol Ointment has been made. It contains in active form the germicidal principle of 'Dettol'.

'Dettol', as every doctor and surgeon knows, is a highly efficient destroyer of germs. In our great modern hospitals and operating theatres 'Dettol' is the chosen germ-killing weapon of medicine and surgery. Ask your own doctor how 'Dettol' fights septic infection.

Dettol Ointment is healing. It not only cools and calms the irritation, but it sinks deeply into the tissue and actively destroys the germs which are the cause of septic infection. From the moment you apply it, and whenever you renew it, it will go on working to keep you free from re-infection, while the process of clean, safe healing goes steadily on.

Today marks a new departure in the treatment of skin disorders. Perhaps for you it is a day of deliverance!

Dettol Ointment is recommended specially for the treatment of:— **Boils, Whitlows, Carbuncles, Impetigo, Sycosis** (Barber's Rash) **Herpes** (Cold Sores), **Septic Eczema.** In the treatment of obstinate cases of **Varicose Ulcer** (Bad Leg) success has been remarkable.

DETTOL OINTMENT

Healing and Actively Antiseptic

From your chemist 1/3 plus tax

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FOR TEETH
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Give your teeth
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BRONCHIAL
TROUBLES
Do-Do Relief Amazes

IS YOUR chest your "danger spot"? Read this letter from Mr. R. B., of Birkenhead. On Dec. 6th, 1940, he wrote: "I, like thousands of others during the last war, had to swim for it, and was in small boats and rafts for days and nights. Since then I have suffered with Bronchial troubles. I have had to stop off work a couple of weeks each year. I was off work at the beginning of the year, and was ordered to bed by the doctor as usual. While reading the daily paper, I spotted your advert., and wrote for a sample. You sent me two tablets, and the relief I got from such a small tablet amazed me. Since I started taking Do-Do Tablets I have never lost a day's work, and have never felt any come-back of my old complaint, I always carry Do-Do with me and when I see anyone suffering with the same complaint, I give them one. I know the benefit they will get from it."

Because of their unique power to curtail and prevent Asthma attacks, Do-Do (brand) Tablets are usually described as Do-Do Asthma Tablets. They are, however, of the highest value in the treatment of Bronchial Asthma, Bronchitis, Night Coughing Fits, Chest Wheeziness, Difficult Breathing, etc. Anyone gasping for breath should take a Do-Do tablet as directed, and the relief instantly afforded will be nothing short of amazing. Sold by Qualified Chemists everywhere: 1s. (7 Full Doses), 3s. (over 4 times the 1s. size), and 10s. 6d. (over 17 times the 1s. size). With Purchase Tax, the prices are 1s. 1½d., 3s. 4½d. and 11s. 10d. respectively.

Do-Do brand
ASTHMA TABLETS
ONE IS A FULL DOSE
INTERNATIONAL LABORATORIES LTD., CHARLBURY, OXON.

M.F.
FOOD FACTS
mainly about
Wheatmeal Bread

HERE are five reasons why it is worth asking — not once, but *always* — for National *Wheat*meal Bread.

1. **Wheatmeal** is very nourishing. Many diets give only three-fifths of the Vitamin B, you need. Wheatmeal Bread more than replaces this deficiency.

2. **Wheatmeal** is very digestible.

3. **Wheatmeal** stays moist and keeps well.

4. **Wheatmeal**, so most people report, is the *nicest* bread they have ever eaten.

5. **Wheatmeal** can be bought at the same price as white bread.

Perhaps full supplies of *Wheat*meal Bread were not available when you last asked your baker for it. If so, ask him again, *and go on asking him.* Wheatmeal is something too good to miss; it is one of the very few things that has *improved* in quality with war time instead of deteriorating. If you simply can't get it regularly, write to the Ministry of Food, London, S.W.1, and give the name and address of your baker.

Remember to buy wheatmeal flour too. Here is one of the good dishes made with it:—

Vegetable Pie

For this nourishing, all-the-year-round pie, you can use whatever vegetables are in season. At the moment potato, swede, cauliflower and carrot make a good mixture. You'll need 1 lb. of them, diced, 3 or 4 spring onions, 1 teaspoonful vegetable extract and 1 tablespoonful oatmeal. Cook them all together for 10 minutes with just enough water to cover, and stir to prevent the mixture sticking. Allow it to cool, put into a pie-dish and sprinkle well with chopped parsley. Now comes the crowning triumph — *a pastry-crust made without fat!*

PIE-CRUST WITHOUT FAT

Mix together 8 ozs. wheatmeal flour, 1 level teaspoonful baking powder, a pinch of salt and a pinch of powdered sage if liked. Stir in nearly ½-pint of cold milk, or milk and water. Roll out the mixture and use it as you would an ordinary crust, but serve the pie *hot*. This is enough for 4 or 5 people.

"I'm always getting into hot water," says Potato Pete" and there are plenty of other ways of cooking me."

MILK:
PROTECT THE CHILDREN

If you need to carry milk over from one day to another, bring it to the boil as soon after delivery as possible; then cool quickly and store in an airy place. This is specially important for the children.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1. No. 39

The weekly packet.

The great demands on the 'weekly packet' today make it essential to get the most out of your other 'weekly packets.' The best way to do this, if you like a full bodied tobacco, is to smoke 'Digger.' It is full-flavoured and cool and burns slowly and evenly.

PLAYER'S
DIGGER
TOBACCOS
PLAIN · RUBY · PATTERN · FLAT · MIXTURE

1/3½ PER OZ.
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—still have plenty of TAX-FREE Suites from 10/- MONTHLY

36 MONTHS TO PAY
Campbells
287 Mare Street, Hackney
LONDON, E.8
NO DEPOSIT

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, May 10, 1941
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

CRAZY CORNER

Site of a great Government contracting job overlaps a corner of three counties. The work is very urgent.

Whenever a steam dredger has to cross the road from one part of the job to another, permission must be sought from the chief constables of three counties.

A lorry has to go through three fields.

Three county councils and three agricultural committees have to be informed.

All, of course, are in distant towns.

Practically every firm on war contracts has to get permits not from one Ministry but from several.

Each Ministry is as jealous of its independence as a rural council—and each delays the permits.

Whitehall has not yet learned that big plans can be held up by trifles.

Local authorities have not realised that petty rivalries, parish pump pride, and stupid obstinacy are making the war last longer.

For war purposes, regional administration is essential, plus the closest co-ordination in Whitehall Departments.

We can argue it out when we've beaten Hitler!

Straight from the Shoulder

WE MUST HIT BACK

READ again the report of this week's great debate in the Commons.

It shows the strength and the weakness of our war position. It is a reminder of the huge difficulties we have overcome, of others yet to be tackled.

It is an answer to carping criticism. But it justifies very serious criticism of our industrial effort.

Arm the Brave

The bitter truth that emerges is this:

We are not ready to fight Hitler abroad on equal terms.

Our fighting men are incomparably better than his. But they are not so well equipped.

It counts for little that they are heavily out-numbered.

What matters is that the enemy has more tanks, more 'planes, more guns.

Losses in Greece

This vital disparity has been made wider by the cracking of Greece.

Our troops fought one of the bravest fights in all history.

The enemy paid dearly in human lives for his advance. We paid dearly in material for our withdrawal.

Our heavy equipment had to be left behind.

Urgent

We must make good its loss—and quickly. The need is urgent because of fresh dangers that threaten us.

Hitler does not wait upon our convenience. His plan to close the Mediterranean to us is obvious.

He is angling for new strongholds—Spain, Morocco, Vichy France, Portugal, Syria.

Wavell's Arms

The attack upon Egypt will be intense. General Wavell, that cool strategist whose name will live as long as Wellington's, awaits it with a tried army.

We are still sending him reinforcements. Can we send him *all* the material we could wish?

We can be confident of the outcome. Certainty can be added to confidence if we hasten our production of war materials.

Second Gear

In short, the war will be won in British workshops. And our machines are not yet in top gear.

Trade union officials report under-employment in war factories.

Workmen tell of idle machines. Some have held protest meetings and, at their own expense, sent angry deputations to Whitehall.

Dilly-Daily

There is incompetent management. There are bottlenecks in the supply of raw materials.

Grave transport muddles must be ended by the new Minister of transport and shipping.

Lord Beaverbrook, who becomes a virtual G.O.C., Home Front—a post long advocated by JOHN BULL—will find innumerable opportunities for his determination and his anger.

Brooches or Bombers!

A high official visits an aircraft factory. He finds everyone busy on 'plane construction.

When he leaves, the make-pretence ends, some workers are free to resume the manufacture of brooches for their sweethearts.

One man reports: "During the whole nine months I have worked in an aircraft factory, idle time has been rife, machines often stopped."

Deceptive Appearances

A Minister recently visited an ordnance factory. The management had somehow got wind of his coming.

When he arrived, production appeared to be in full swing.

"As soon as he left," says a worker, "the men were stood off and the machines stopped."

Taking it Easy

From a tool-room operative comes this complaint:

"When given my first job, I was told to take it slowly as work was slack.

"All day, men stand in groups and talk. For every man working, six are talking."

Darts and Draughts

"I am a fitter at a very large aircraft works," says another man. "Walk through at any time of the day and you will find men playing draughts or twelve-a-side darts."

Despite the demand for more labour, Government dockyards do not use the labour they already have.

"Sack half the men here," writes one worker, "and there would still be enough to do the work."

Off the Stocks

Our need for new ships is vital. Yet a shipyard worker assures us that two or three times a week labourers are sent to do gardening or painting at the yard manager's house.

Or to drain the shelter at the stockkeeper's house!

The Laggards

JOHN BULL does not imply that every worker is a white-gowned figure with a halo around his head. Of course there are slackers and laggards among our industrial army!

But there could be no slackers if charge-hands and employers were efficient.

Fraud Encouraged

Consider the Welsh police court case in which workers were fined for false clocking-in at a factory.

The magistrate was astounded to hear that a girl was able to leave the factory for an afternoon at the seaside.

Those cheating workers deserved their punishment. But it was admitted that the factory system was open to all kinds of fraud.

So the management, too, must be blamed.

Helping Hitler

Most workers are anxious to give of their best. Most employers are eager to help the war effort.

But the examples given on this page over a period of months prove that though slackness is not general it is shockingly widespread.

Now's the Time

During the next few months, a new army of war workers will be enlisted.

We must see that they—and the millions already employed—are assured of full-time, top-gear jobs.

It is not too late to overhaul productive methods. It will be too late if we try to "muddle through."

Obstacle to Aid

We cannot, dare not, wait for American aid to make good our deficiencies.

Moreover, we cannot transport all the American aid that is available.

We lack the ships!

Think in Millions

The Battle of the Atlantic may cost us five million tons in shipping losses this year.

We need six million more tons, therefore, to be on the safe side.

We can find about a million ourselves—by building and by withdrawal of vessels from other routes.

Thanks to the President

President Roosevelt's magnificent effort will impose great sacrifices upon his people. He has ordered the pooling of 2,000,000 tons of shipping.

Perhaps he can give us another 500,000 tons of new ships this year.

So, in all, we may get 3,500,000 tons. And we need five or six millions!

Double Need

We cannot escape the moral of those figures.

It must be from Britain that Hitlerism will receive its death-blow.

Two things will enable us to forge that blow: Arms and Food.

Organise to Win!

Not an hour, not a brick, not a yard of soil should be wasted.

Our workshops must be made 100 per cent. efficient. More, many more, must be built to absorb the new civilian armies Mr. Bevin is raising.

We must grow more food, import less.

For we have been on the defensive long enough. Now we must organise not merely to survive but to WIN.

Blow for Blow

"We can take it" was a good slogan. But we have kept it long enough. Let us discard it before it mesmerises us.

We must do more than passively accept the enemy's onslaught. We must return it with all possible speed and force.

"We Can Give It" should be the watchword of our work and thoughts!

(Continued overleaf)

"WE MUST EXPECT THE WAR . . . ABOVE ALL IN THE AIR, TO BECOME VERY FIERCE"—*THE PRIME MINISTER.*

A FREE AIR RAID POLICY

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

FOR EVERY READER (See page 4)

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

THE Navy still leads. Its men are now being examined by a form of miniature X-ray photography at a cost of less than a penny each.

Result: Hundreds of unsuspected lung cases, a danger to their fellows, are being invalided out.

Same method should be adopted for all recruits to war factories. Cheaper than to encourage disease!

Crude and Clumsy

Germ of another good idea lies in the advertisement for the new, cheap and speedy postal service to the Middle East.

But why does the supposed letter from a soldier infer that the writer is a near-illiterate? The modern soldier has to be an intelligent man.

One more question: Why do not Government Departments employ publicity experts for this sort of publicity?

They Got the Pip

It's just official impertinence to suggest that the distribution of oranges has been fair

One retailer was told at Covent Garden that he could have a case of oranges if he bought a ton of potatoes.

Another was told to apply for a permit at the town hall. Just a trick, of course, to fob him off until all the oranges had been sold to big buyers willing to pay £1 a case more than the controlled price!

Inept

We know there were not enough oranges to go round.

But to allow such inept distribution—and such a ramp—reveals so-called "official control" as a useless sham.

How It Goes Up!

Sir Douglas McCraith, North Midlands food investigator, confirms the suspicions of rampant profiteering.

Canned soup at 6s. 6d. a dozen changed hands seven times and reached the public priced at 14s. 6d. a dozen. Canned marmalade, sold by the importer at 8½d. a tin, cost the consumer 3s. 6d.

But that doesn't worry the Ministry of Food.

Can You Afford It!

The fish muddle goes from bad to worse. Fishmongers are forced to pay much more than control prices.

So the price of cod, even in street markets, has jumped to 3s. 6d. a pound.

Ministry of Food says the remedy is with the public. Don't buy—and prices will fall, we are told.

More likely, we know from past experience, that the fish would just be allowed to go bad.

Efficiency Wanted

People must buy such foodstuffs as fish to supplement the meat ration. We are all willing to tighten our belts—there is no need for us to go hungry.

But this will happen unless the Whitehall apologists become less complacent and more efficient.

Kitchen Science

Don't rely on potatoes, scientists advise. You must have green vegetables to keep healthy—**but they lose half their vitamins if kept hot for half an hour.**

Much-abused tinned vegetables are actually more valuable than "fresh" ones cooked at home.

Contented Cities

Amid the bomb horrors of London today can be seen the promise of a contented to-morrow.

Local councillors and M.P.s should be taken by the coach-load to the "Living in Cities" exhibition at the R.I.B.A. building in Portland Place, to see not only the astonishing photographs of bomb raids, but drawings of magnificent cities we should build after the war.

Go yourself if you can—it will cheer you up.

Traitors

Bomb damage means easy money to some crooked builders. They are doing ordinary repairs to property at State expense—and making them appear to have been due to enemy action.

They are themselves public enemies. The public should report every one they find to Lord Reith's Ministry of Works.

Guns or Railings

In one bombed Yorkshire town, new iron railings are being placed round the town hall to save the stonework from being scratched by cycle handlebars!

It suggests a sense of humour, no doubt, but it also implies official laxity in granting a permit for the job. Perhaps Whitehall will explain.

Mere Coincidence

The new Minister of Transport should note that some canals are proposing to increase their tolls.

The companies say these charges should have been raised long ago.

Maybe. But it is curious that their decision coincides with the official decision to divert more traffic to the canals.

Electric Shocks

He is also going to subsidise gas and light companies, where necessary, to save consumers from heavier bills.

We hope he will scrutinise all applications for subsidy with minute thoroughness.

One electricity company has increased its notoriously high peace time rates by 6d. a unit—to maintain an 8 per cent. dividend.

L.S.D. from L.C.S.

For next week only, 850,000 members of the London Co-operative Society have the opportunity to help sick youngsters in a novel way.

Instead of having purchases put down to their own trading number, shoppers can allot the dividends to No. 172,000.

That will raise urgently needed funds for the bombed Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street, London, W.C.1.

Closing the Chemists

Nearly 2,000 chemists' shops are to close down because 8,000 pharmacists under thirty are no longer reserved from military service.

But no district will be left without an adequate number of chemists.

We Know Better

Official report says that unfit soldiers were sent home during the early part of the war and drew their pay for months before being discharged.

JOHN BULL can assure the Auditor-General that this preposterous waste still goes on.

Quick Transfers

Another point that puzzles us is the frequent transfer of men from one unit to another.

Men are switched from "course" to "course" without the chance to put their training into practice. N.C.O. Bren-gun specialists are moved to the infantry and their places taken by men who know nothing of Bren-guns.

The object, presumably, is to make them all-round soldiers. In this war of specialists, however, the theory can be carried too far.

A Real Democrat

Harold Dahl, young American pilot, went to Spain in 1936 to fight the Fascists. Taken prisoner and condemned to death, his life was spared when his dancer wife appealed to Franco.

Sent back to the U.S.A., Dahl sought another chance to fight. Now is a pilot-sergeant, training to be an instructor, in Canada, hoping for the day when he will be sent to Britain to fly against the *Luftwaffe*.

And he's one of many!

Scarecrow Baby!

Another soldier's wife was given a permit for tinned milk last December. Registering with a shopkeeper in an Essex town, she has so far received two tins of milk for her baby daughter.

Vain appeals have been made to the food control officer, doctor, grocers and wholesalers.

So yet another official permit seems to be wastepaper.

Snobbery in Uniform

Responding to a broadcast appeal, a Northants girl volunteered as a nurse to a big hospital.

She passed her medical examination and was told that, as she did not have a school-leaving certificate, she would be required to pass a simple educational test.

But she didn't have the chance. She received a curt letter, instead, rejecting her because her education was not up to standard.

Now, as you may imagine, she is wondering whether the shortage of nurses is so acute as the Government suggests.

Slow Coaches

A woman decided to move with her children out of London. She packed up her furniture and sent it off by rail.

The goods were plundered during transit. That was last October. To all her complaints, "immediate attention" has been promised, but no answer given.

She paid her fare to Waterloo, where an official promised the same "immediate attention" and the same silence has been maintained.

Meanwhile, she has to pay to have her damaged furniture stored.

Prompt Payment, of Course

During a recent raid in the Manchester area, Mr. C. E. Davey was serving as a special constable. While evacuating people from a district where time bombs had fallen, one of the bombs exploded and he was instantly killed.

As Mr. Davey was a registered reader of JOHN BULL his widow has promptly received a cheque for the benefit provided by our Free Air Raid Insurance.

She writes: "I send my grateful thanks for your cheque and for your sympathy and kindness in my sad loss."

Behind the News

● **Washington is to shut down all so-called "America First" organisations. There is proof that most of them are being financed and directed by Germany.**

● *Berlin fumes against South American countries, whose papers have been warned to suspect Nazi quotations from South American correspondents abroad because of Goebbels' habit of deliberately changing words and meanings by cutting them off from the context.*

● **New Anglo-U.S.A. credits to China have outwitted Jap finance jugglery. Millions of yen were spent to discredit Chinese dollar But new credits have pegged it firmly at economic level, well able to compete with rigged Jap exchange of "occupation" money.**

● *Nazi censorship has failed to hide heavy casualties among troops during invasion exercises on Baltic and French coasts. Whole regiments are sullen.*

● **Sudden fall in German female labour has slowed down production of precision instruments. Official inquiry has revealed why: fatigue and nervous breakdowns from underfeeding and overwork.**

● *Berlin is now demanding open control by Nazi officers of all Fascist units in Libya. Rome is anxious about popular reaction.*

● **Italians resent most, however, Nazi technique of sending Fascist troops ahead to bear brunt of fighting, while Germans follow prepared to shoot down any Italians driven back or halted by Imperial forces.**

● **Anti-Nazi underground war in occupied lands is now co-ordinated, despite Gestapo vigilance. Hence the simultaneous attacks from Norway to Biarritz on Nazi "culture" centres either by sabotage, arson or simple boycott.**

● *Also mystifying Berlin is offensive against all Quislingites, who are boycotted by tradesmen and refused Communion in many churches.*

● **While Japanese generals quote Hitler's land triumphs as reason for immediate pro-Axis intervention, Jap admirals quote British naval invincibility as much more cogent warning to keep out of the war.**

GIVE US THE NEWS!

MOST of you know that the "Stop Press" is a panel which newspapers reserve for "late news" arriving when the paper is printing.

Well, we are telling you that of recent weeks there has been little British war news new enough to be worth stopping the press for—the German bulletins have nearly always been in advance of our own.

Only too often editors have been tempted to lead their papers with some report from a German source simply because our own official news has not been released in time either to confirm or contradict it. In other words, Goebbels is "getting away with it," for speed in propaganda counts almost as much as speed in battle.

Already this "blitz propaganda" has gained an important success in the United States, where one of the largest American broadcasting companies has cut the time it allots to broadcasts from London by half.

IT DID THIS SIMPLY BECAUSE THERE WAS NOT ENOUGH WORTH - WHILE NEWS FROM THIS COUNTRY TO FILL THE PREVIOUS PROGRAMME. NOW ITS CORRESPONDENTS IN BERLIN AND ANKARA ARE USING THE LOST BRITISH TIME.

Without Fear or Favour

★

By THE EDITOR

JOHN BULL views this loss with grave anxiety. We think it vitally important to our cause that British news be given the widest possible publicity in the States, throughout the Commonwealth, in all neutral countries, and here at home into the bargain.

Nobody can challenge Mr. Churchill's statement in the House that "the country would not wish to receive news of the war situation which adds to the danger of our troops while delicate, dangerous and critical operations are being successfully carried out."

Frankly, however, we do not regard this statement as a sufficient explanation for the "very late news" of recent months.

We can understand that British bulletins are sometimes bound to be issued long after the event, but we do not understand why they should so *consistently* lag behind the German news.

We maintain that some of these delays have been stupid as well as dangerous. They are disheartening at home and they may prove disastrous abroad.

American newspaper correspondents have been exasperated by them ever since the war began, and the neutral press generally is driven to headline Goebbels' claims for sheer lack of British news of equivalent interest.

Consider this: British troops occupied Dessie at nine o'clock on a Saturday evening two weeks ago. The enemy must have known about that immediately, but we were not allowed to hear of it until the Monday morning forty-eight hours later.

Again, during those tensely anxious hours when we were all longing for news of our gallant men in Greece, the first announcement of their evacuation was made by Mr. Fadden, the acting Premier of Australia.

SPEAKING IN HIS OWN COUNTRY, HE SAID THAT THE EVACUATION HAD BEEN SUCCESSFULLY BEGUN, BUT THERE WAS NOT A WORD FROM OUR OWN HEADQUARTERS IN CAIRO OR FROM THE WAR OFFICE.

There were, of course, various unofficial and unconfirmed reports from American correspondents, and everybody knew, including the enemy, that the evacuation was inevitable.

But we had to be content with a B.B.C. bulletin merely quoting Mr. Fadden's statement twelve hours after it had been made!

What possible excuse can there be for that dreary interval of silence and suspense? We can find none. We say that if Mr. Fadden was free to make an official statement in Australia, then our authorities must have been free to make one here.

The fact is that Mr. Fadden himself is dissatisfied with the present situation.

Speaking at Brisbane recently, he said: "There is reason for protesting at the manner in which the British authorities are releasing news happening on the war front. There is a good deal more that people should be told, and I have sent a strong cable to Mr. Menzies on the subject."

JOHN BULL *can sympathise with this protest. We believe that rigid "safety first" is a dangerous policy in propaganda.*

If it continues, it is more likely to cause alarm and despondency than any of the trivial bits of defeatism which have landed private individuals into jail.

And we urge the War Cabinet to reconsider its attitude in this matter and to exert pressure upon those responsible for the timing and extent of all our official news.

Who is responsible?

Mr. Churchill admitted in Parliament, while fighting was going on in Greece, that there had been a scarcity of news, and that he had asked if the Government could have fuller and prompter reports.

Obviously the Commander-in-Chief is the only man who can properly decide what news to release from the front itself.

IT IS OUR BELIEF, HOWEVER, THAT SOME OF THE SERVICE CENSORS AT HOME ARE "STUFFIER" THAN ANY GENERAL IN THE FIELD.

WE THINK THAT THEIR BLUE PENCILS ARE OFTEN USED WITH SOVEREIGN CONTEMPT OF THE PEOPLE'S DEMAND FOR, AND RIGHT TO, THE EARLIEST AND MOST COMPLETE NEWS COMPATIBLE WITH NATIONAL SAFETY.

"The truth is," said Mr. J. B. Priestley, broadcasting to North America, "that there are too many censors who are afraid of making a mistake and, at the same time, have no particular enthusiasm for keeping the public well informed."

WHAT we regard as far more serious than the ultra-cautious handling of news at home, is the lamentable failure to make the best of our available news abroad.

Journalists from New York now working in London are becoming desperate under the yoke of British censorship. They want so badly to help us, and they are continually baffled in their eager friendship.

"Why won't you," they beseech, "let us tell our people something about the Battle of the Atlantic? Why leave us with optimistic and vague impressions that you can win it, when we all know that there are serious losses?"

They do not expect bang, up-to-the-minute news. They understand, for instance, that it may be imprudent to announce the sinking of German U-boats as they are sunk.

But they argue with irresistible logic that, if we want more naval help from America, the best way to get it is to release as much of the truth as we possibly can; to show the Americans that American supplies are being sent to the bottom, and to convince them, by occasional and safely time-retarded bulletins, that we are nevertheless taking toll of the German submarines.

JOHN BULL ASSERTS THAT DISCRETION IN THE BRITISH CENSORSHIP HAS BECOME INDISCREET, AND THAT NOTHING CAN BE MORE IMPRUDENT THAN THE EXAGGERATED PRUDENCE OF OUR OFFICIAL BULLETINS.

We are not alone in this belief. The whole country is chafing under the gag, and the questions which are being asked in Parliament cannot be evaded much longer.

BY the time these lines appear some steps may have been taken after the war debate in the House.

But vigorous insistence will still be needed, because beyond reasonable doubt the root trouble in this matter is to be found in the Services Departments. Neither the Ministry of Information nor the B.B.C. can publish what the Services refuse to release.

They—the Services—must be persuaded, or even, if the worst comes to the worst, compelled to play a bolder part in the great Battle of Propaganda.

It has been Britain's wise and steadfast policy to adhere in all its official news to the truth.

We realise that this must give a temporary advantage to Goebbels and his crew of professional liars, for they can not only issue false news whenever they please, but, they can and do issue it upon occasion with the deliberate object of provoking a British contradiction likely to give them valuable information.

But, if we have no men clever enough to spot this "kite-flying" for what it is and at the same time bold enough to use the truth with vigour when it can be most telling; then we need to find them without delay.

Heaven forbid that we should continue to discourage our own folk and daunt our best friends by the timidities and delays of those whose duty it is, not to give us as little news as possible, but as much.

HUMAN MACHINE

Thinking Big

IT is astonishing how many people take a "mean" view of life. They think in terms of trifles.

Nothing excuses this miserly way of living—not even to-day when things are difficult and when anyone might be tempted to let the dark side of life get possession.

You see, the question is not what we think of this or that. It is not a question of how we feel. It is not a matter of getting through the day as best we can.

That isn't the core of the matter. The great question is, "Are we living to any purpose?"

You can't answer that question in any other way but "No!" if all your thoughts and all your ideas are centred on yourself.

The first requisite is to look outside yourself.

Think big. Think generously. Think in terms of years, not minutes. Think, most of all, in terms of others.

Forget yourself and your worries. There are others with worries and troubles.

The best purpose towards which you can direct your energies is that of putting heart into your fellows.

Think big! Radiate hope and cheer! Be a prop to those around you—not an irritation.

Life's a queer thing. Its queerest trait is that it gives most to those who themselves give most.

It gives nothing to those who merely take.

Major-General K. C. APPLEYARD, Director of Emergency Repairs, Ministry of Works

DEAR GENERAL,—We shall deserve to be considered a nation of lunatics unless we translate your crisp military language into the determined action of the battlefield.

"Every air raid must be followed by a swift counter-attack by a mobile army of builders," you say.

But it should not need saying.

We all know that Britain is the major battlefield of this war. We know that the homes of the people, the factories where they work, are the enemy's targets.

Yet we still seem to forget that delay may lose the battle.

In street after street in our bombed towns houses are left for weeks with gaping holes in the roof and empty window-frames.

A large proportion of them, you point out, are the homes of people whose work is of the first importance for winning the war.

They should be made habitable in a matter of hours, not weeks.

And they could be—if all non-essential building work was stopped.

There is an even greater problem that can be solved by common-sense.

More war factories must be built. And they must be built quickly to produce the arms we so urgently need.

Therefore, I say, use those builders on bomb repairs who are not fit enough or suitable for factory building. All the rest should be engaged on providing—at record speed—the workshops for Mr. Bevin's new industrial army.

Every builder in the country must co-operate, the Government must be ready with the plans, the public must refrain from ordering unnecessary decorations!—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

Viscountess ASTOR, Lady Mayoress of Plymouth

DEAR MADAM,—I doubt if even your fiery words will scorch the tough skin of Whitehall officials.

But there is no doubt of the truth of your charge:

"The failure of the Ministry of Health to provide evacuation schemes for large towns is the biggest Ministerial flop of the war.

"It has developed into a national muddle because the Ministry has shown no vision whatever."

You, of course, are most concerned with the appalling scandal of Plymouth.

The very young and the aged should have been removed from that naval fortress eighteen months ago. Instead, they were left at the mercy of Nazi bombs.

I can assure you that Bristol and the great industrial areas of South Wales have suffered hideously from the same wicked folly.

Not until children have been killed and others left homeless has Whitehall discovered that they had lived in a danger zone.

Mr. Ernest Brown was a failure at the Ministry of Labour. So far, he has been a failure at the Ministry of Health.

We cannot afford failures in high office. Mr. Brown, with his tremendous voice and his blindness to tremendous facts, should make way for a man of imagination and drive.—JOHN BULL.

P.C. GEORGE TOHI MANN, Metropolitan Police

DEAR MANN,—Though you're going into the R.A.F., you won't do anything sturdier than your rescue of a man who was trapped thirty feet above ground in a bombed house.

A ladder was twelve feet short; the house was expected to collapse at any moment.

Standing on the last rung, you hooked a leg round a rickety window-frame, persuaded the man to crawl out, and took his whole weight on your right hand until he could get his feet on to your shoulders.

And you could see only by the light of bomb-bursts!

Yes, you earned that George Medal.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. REGINALD T. CODD, Sabbatarian

SIR,—You and your friends are playing a dangerous game. If you anger our workers, their war efforts will be affected.

Bigots have prevented the Sunday opening of theatres. Now you are beginning a campaign to close public-houses on Sundays.

Your imagination is presumably not big enough to realise that men toiling very long hours during the week need recreation in their leisure.

And you regard it as immaterial, I suppose, that drunkenness is not increasing but diminishing.

Allow me to wish you speedy failure.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. H. MORRISON, M.P., Home Secretary

DEAR SIR,—There are still perilous gaps in the fire-watching scheme.

About empty houses, for instance. Why not compel their owners to leave the keys with police or wardens?

About compulsory watching—why recruit men who are unfit to tackle bombs? For example, a reader suffering from acute heart disease has had his appeal dismissed by a tribunal which did not include a doctor.

That is surely inviting unnecessary fatalities.—JOHN BULL.

DIRECTOR OF COOKING, War Office

DEAR SIR,—My postbag assures me that Army cooking has been greatly improved in recent months. Unhappily, your good work can still be spoiled by senseless regulations in individual units.

Thus, one unit's food is always cold merely because it is served before the 425 men are lined up and marched into the hut.

Minor stupidities of this sort can be responsible for a great deal of grumbling—and waste.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. LORD REITH, Minister of Works

MY LORD,—We shall all have a new incentive to greater war efforts if we are convinced that, when war is done, a New and Better Britain will be fashioned.

I think it is true to say that you have now given us that assurance.

Your speech to engineers shows your determination to carry out a planned and orderly reconstruction, and thus to end the haphazard, "disorder and inconvenience of our lives, the monstrous and obscene mutilations of the countryside."

Factories where factories should be, roads in the right places, well-situated farms, open spaces in the loveliest remains of the countryside—concentrate on these and a good start is guaranteed!—JOHN BULL.

CHIEF OFFICERS, Rating Authorities

GENTLEMEN,—Too many of you fail to understand that war circumstances alter rating cases.

Consider the case of a man living at Huyton, Liverpool. When he joined up, his wife drew an Army allowance of 25s. a week. But her liabilities amounted to 26s. 6d. a week—without living expenses.

Naturally, rates could not be paid promptly. A summons was issued but improperly served, so the soldier had no chance to appear in court.

Now, discharged from the Army because of bad health, he returns to civil life to find that a distraint order has been issued!

This abominable, sordid injustice to a decent citizen is typical of many cases reported to me.

I do not expect you to show mercy. I demand a little common-sense.—JOHN BULL.

DIVISIONAL PETROLEUM OFFICER, Nottingham

DEAR SIR,—Your desire to save petrol is praiseworthy, for far too much is being wasted on pleasure-riding.

But if you go too far you will impede our war effort instead of helping it.

You have refused extra rations to a miner living ten miles away from the pit, which he cannot reach by tram, bus or train.

How can he do his important bit in the nation's struggle if you debar him from working?—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. LAUGHTON MATTHEWS, Commandant, W.R.N.S.

DEAR MADAM,—I know you want more recruits. Urgent appeal for them was made three months ago by the Duchess of Kent.

A reader who volunteered then and passed her "medical" is still waiting call-up. Others, tired of the long wait, have taken other jobs.

Why let your training officers let you down?—JOHN BULL.

MICHAEL CLOUD, an air expert who has met many of our most brilliant flying aces, begins a thrilling new series on night fighters. They may not yet be the answer to German raiders, but they are making it hotter for them

This is One Blitz We Sent Home

And this is "Cat's Eyes" Cunningham, twenty-three-year-old ace night fighter pilot of the R.A.F., who has already destroyed at least 10 night bombers and damaged many others. He was awarded the D.F.C. in January, and the D.S.O. last month

RAIN weeps steadily through the blackness of the night. A howling north-east wind freezes it as it falls

An angry droning, as if a beehive had been kicked, comes from a big field. The secret 2,000-h.p. Vulture engines of the *Defiant* night fighters are warming up—engines twice as powerful as those which made the *Spitfire* master of the skies.

Inside the huts on the field's edge, bulky men with boyish faces are playing ping-pong.

Tap-tap-tap-tap-tap....

"Fifteen-twenty!" one of them laughs. "Now look out for fireworks!"

A telephone bell rings. The noise in the hut stops as if someone had stopped a beating heart.

"Number 303 take off. Right, sir!"

As the receiver clicks on to its hooks, the two lads drop their rackets, grab flying-helmets and oxygen masks, and run out into the blackness.

Others who had been playing cards, writing letters, or lounging near the stove, race after them.

Less than a hundred seconds after the bell rang, these Knights Without Armour are riding the dark and streaming lists of the skies, seeking single combat with the terror that flies by night.

The Fighters' "Ears"

A hundred miles away, little groups of men on the tops of naked downs, where Saxon and Norman invaders were challenged, are swinging round enormous mechanical "ears," while others dust the rain-clouds with searchlight "mops."

One man snaps into a field telephone: "Estimated 3,000 ft., flying north-west-by-west, speed about 250 m.p.h."

In the cockpits of the night fighters the solitary pilots receive the message. They glance at the thirty or forty dials and switches on the dashboard, and with hands gloved like bears' paws they move the control column faintly.

Three tons of flying death leans sideways with the grace of a swallow and races off at seven miles a minute to meet those invaders "flying nor'-west-by-west."

In a cockpit "tailored" round his body is an American of twenty-three.

His father went to the States from England as a lumberjack; his mother is a 100 per cent. Westerner. The lad himself was making a big income on Wall Street in 1939.

Then, when the Huns drew the sword against civilisation, he put down the ticker-tape and the dollar-bags and came to volunteer in the R.A.F.

His splendid flying in the September *Blitz* against London has earned him the honour of becoming a night fighter pilot.

So here he is, at 3,000 ft., a typical Yankee, going with all a Yankee's cocksureness to beat back a *Blitz*.

Sheet-ice sheaths his aircraft, adding to the already terrific wingloading and to the peril of the night.

Inside four pairs of gloves, one of them electrically heated, the backs of his hands smart with heat, though the palms are frozen almost stiff.

Breath Turns to Ice

Within flying leather and "Mae West" waistcoat, woollens and silks, his body is chilled—the temperature in the cockpit is 30 degrees below zero.

Within the oxygen mask his breath congeals into another mask—*of ice!*

But eyes as keen as a Mohawk's search the inky vastnesses through special goggles.

One hand holds a cable, at the end of which is a button. If the button is depressed, there pours out of the aircraft a blast of red-hot lead such as not even an eight-gun Spitfire can equal.

"Sam" has been out on night patrol many times without getting a glimpse of German raiders.

It is all the luck of the game—and these boys are learning a job more difficult ten thousand times than finding a needle in a haystack.

They have to find a bomber in the infinite, when the infinite is as black as your hat and the quarry can slip past at five miles a minute.

And they are doing it! Not often enough, as yet, to make it too risky for the Nazis to continue the slaughter of women and children.

Painstakingly, they are learning to do better, as recent figures prove.

Sam's sloe-black eyes narrow. Another message clicking through.

The night fighter wheels like a hawk swooping to strike—goes down, down—smashes into a blacker cloud amidst the black—and *there* are a score of huge, bat-winged shapes hurrying through the night.

Yale College Yell

Before he can alter course, Sam is among the bombers, so instant are these encounters in the dark.

His right hand tries to jerk towards the gun-button as he shouts a Yale college yell into his oxygen mask.

But Sam's right hand will not move from the control column.

Now, having found his enemies after so many wasted patrols, he is so frozen that his arm will not move!

But his left hand comes across swifter than thought—and suddenly the darkness is broken by flashes and streaks of flame from such a concentration of gunpowder as no fighter has ever carried before.

The shoal of black shapes falters, tries to change formation.

A shell-gun whacks viciously. A star of red bursts where the night fighter was half a split second ago—another—four all together in a firework display.

But Sam has soared up and now is diving like a thunderbolt into their midst, weaving a pattern around their tails as his guns chatter and spit flame.

Then, almost within pistol range, all his guns are directed to a Dornier ahead.

Tracers make streams of light between the two machines.

The Dornier tries to turn. A little flare of flame races up over its wing. It glows strangely among dark consorts; its black paint blisters and bubbles.

THEN IT TURNS AND ROLLS FLARING DOWN INTO THE GULF OF BLACKNESS TO SMASH INTO A HEAP OF WRECKAGE.

As the night fighter zips upward to avoid ramming its tail as it falls, Sam gabbles out the Yale yell.

The German commander gives a signal. The formation changes, melting into line-astern file.

Before Sam can wriggle away, the twenty-nine bombers are circling round him as he flies, a close-packed nose-to-tail ring like a pack of timber-wolves running in on a man, round and round and round.

From every point of the compass they pour a concentrated hell of gunfire. It needs magnificent flying—but these Germans are some fliers!

Most fighters would use their speed and dive away, dodging the enemy among the cloud while saving life to fight another night.

But distant Mohawk ghosts have stirred something in the blood of the young Wall Street broker. They did not quit for odds of 29 to 1; nor will he.

His machine goes round on one black wing-tip, steeper than seems possible. The Germans think they have winged him.

Then all his guns make lightning through the falling rain, and one Dornier in the circle of hunters staggers a little and drops away behind, crippled but not destroyed.

Faster than thought, into the gap it leaves, Sam puts his machine—and his guns blaze at them while they dare not fire back for fear of hitting each other.

Great Black Splinters

They tumble all over the skies to get him on the sights again; but, as they spread out, his fire knocks away great black splinters from the wing of another bomber.

Then they have got him where they want him at last, in this flurrying, unequal battle of the darkness. A hail of shells and bullets centres on one spot.

It seems that nothing can exist in that sudden inferno of dreadful accuracy. But this is the work the machine was built for.

By zooms and climbing turns and power dives and banks and rolls, by its enormous speed and that beautiful 2,000-h.p. engine, it streaks away from the shellbursts that light Sam's face in flickers as if someone had opened a grille in Hell.

Still the fighter answers back with glitters and splashes of gunfire.

But the port wing is in ribbons at the tip, the radio aerial is shot away at one end and is thrumming like a giant's banjo as the machine whirls about.

A score of perforations appear in the cockpit walls; one bullet pierces the tank, which seals itself.

The fight goes on.

Sam's left shoulder is numb and that arm won't move. But his right arm has thawed; he manages everything with one gloved hand.

There is blood welling from his smashed shoulder; his face is white, but his eyes are savagely red. The young American, who has destroyed one foe and crippled two more, will not go down to death alone....

With the sudden drama of air warfare, the Germans are sweeping round in a great circle.

There are flashes from outside their formation — one — then another. The bombers are quitting, taking their eggs home!

They "Took Over"

Sam, almost stupefied from loss of blood, anger and cold, hardly realises. For a moment his guns still glitter in a burst of fire.

Two more night fighters have picked up the combat, and they are starting where Sam left off. Spots of light from their guns recede into the night, and vanish.

Sam pulls himself together with a sudden jerk. He had been asleep—or unconscious.

He must get back to base.

"Eight-one-fife calling ground—eight-one-fife calling ground—may I land—may . . . may I . . . land?"

Men down there stare up sharply. Something wrong with 815—something definitely wrong.

A sudden beam of light shines out on gleaming asphalt. From out of the vortex of blackness the mosquito plane beats down through the howling wind and driving rain along the white beam.

Torn and shattered, 815 and its pilot are grounded. The Intelligence Officer listens to the gasped report.

"Good boy!" he murmurs.

The Yale graduate manages to grin painfully.

"Get him indoors," the Medical Officer orders. "Nothing serious, Sam. We'll have you flying again in a few weeks."

"Okay, chief!" Sam mutters as they carry him away.

NEXT WEEK:
"The Coldest Fight on Record."

BERLIN TARGETS

★ Were the State Opera House and other buildings in Berlin deliberately bombed by the R.A.F.? Here are some facts—and a map—to settle the argument

WHEN Goebbels froths about the R.A.F. dropping bombs on "cultural buildings" in Berlin you would imagine that there was no semblance of a military target anywhere near.

Even if this were so, no one over here could be affected by the Nazi crocodile tears after what their airmen have done in London.

Actually, though, the State Opera House and other buildings which have been hit are all within a few hundred yards of one of Germany's most vital military targets—the "Stadtbahn" railway line, which runs through the heart of Berlin.

Most Important Track

Linking the whole of East and West Germany, it is the most important railway track in the country.

It is very ingenious, very practical, and, in war time, exceedingly dangerous for the people of Berlin.

Travellers from England or France who journeyed in peace time to Poland, Hungary, the Balkans or Russia will remember that they did not change trains, except when they crossed to Russia, where the tracks are wider.

In war time, whenever troops need to be moved quickly from the Western Front to the East, or vice-versa, they are sent over the "Stadtbahn."

So are the goods trains, the munitions trains, and the entire war material produced in Silesian or East Prussian factories.

Berliners remember that during the last war the military traffic on the "Stadtbahn" was continuous by day and by night.

This important railway consists of four tracks, two electrified for the suburban passenger traffic (vital for the whole life of Berlin), and two for the long-distance passenger and goods traffic.

It is above ground everywhere, mostly on viaducts some 20 ft. above the streets, sometimes right between the second floors of tenement houses, with hardly a yard to spare on either side.

Near either side of the Friedrichstrasse Station, which is the most important of all, since it is right in the heart of the town, the lines cross the River Spree over bridges some 50 ft. above the river.

Staff Plans Upset

If ever an objective deserved to be called military it is this railway.

If it is damaged, if the traffic is interrupted, or only dislocated for a few hours, it means a serious blow to the plans of the German General Staff and it upsets the production scheme of the Berlin war industry, because tens of thousands of Berlin war workers rely on the suburban "Stadtbahn" line for travelling to and from their factories and offices.

Besides, the whole food distribution of the German capital will be upset, since it goes over the "Stadtbahn" direct to the Central Market near Alexanderplatz Station.

If our bombers succeed—and they *have* succeeded on a number of occasions—in not only dislocating that traffic for several hours but in interrupting it by direct hits on tracks and stations for several days, the military damage for Germany is tremendous.

Alternative east-west routes involve widespread diversions and delays.

Look at the map and you will see how near to that line are all the damaged buildings which the Nazis made an excuse for their "retaliation" raids against London.

The Prussian State Library is hardly 150 yards from it, the Opera House less than 300 yards, the University clinic less than 200 yards, the Charité Hospital no more than 50 yards.

You will also see that the line runs between the State Library and huge police barracks, which are now the headquarters of Hitler's picked troops, "the S.S."

What are one, two or even four hundred yards in view of the heights at which the R.A.F. have to fly over Berlin? And after a nerve-straining journey of 600 miles over the North Sea and enemy territory they have to face scores of searchlights and an A.A. barrage which is Goering's pride, since he boasted at the beginning of the war that never would a British 'plane reach Berlin.

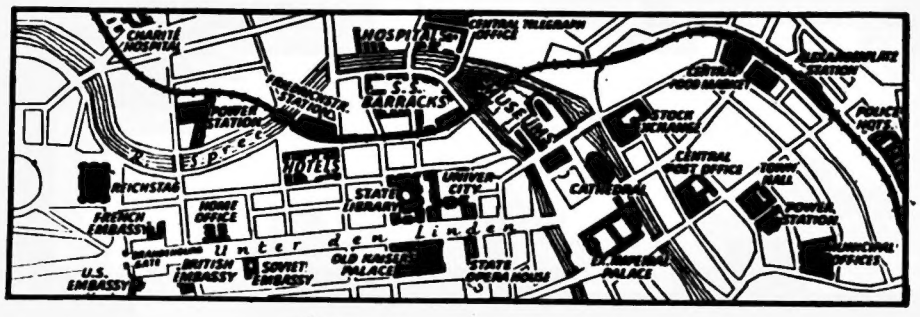
Misses are inevitable. Even a quarter of a mile is perfectly excusable under these circumstances, and a miss of less than 200 yards may be described as "near."

Honourable Wrong Station!

Fortunately, we have got not only "misses" but also direct hits.

We have ample evidence. One recent incidental proof was the fact that when Mr. Matsuoka reached Berlin from Moscow he arrived at the Anhalter Station, instead of Friedrichstrasse.

It was as if Mr. Winant, the U.S. Ambassador, when he came to London from a Western port, had been met at Liverpool Street Station or King's Cross instead of Paddington.



Tank that Adolf Made

FOLLOWING the drive of the Panzer Divisions in the Balkans, the Nazi propaganda machine is churning out praises of Hitler for giving his army its mighty tank fleet.

But a certain Dr. Kugelmann, who was military engineer at the Krupp armament works in Essen, could tell another story—if he were released from the concentration camp in Dachau.

★ ★ ★

When Germany began to rearm, the General Staff laid the chief stress on the creation of Panzer Divisions.

Hitler was excited when the generals submitted their plans to him. He was always a believer in the omnipotence of technology.

"Yes," said his military advisers, "our tanks are indeed wonderful. But there is one weak point, mein Fuehrer, which we haven't so far been able to overcome: the steel armour of even the best tank can be pierced by the shells of an anti-tank gun."

Had they had the faintest notion of events to come, they would not have told him about their anxieties.

In October, 1935, Hitler called a meeting of his tank experts. They were all present: List, Guderian, Blaskowitz, most of whom are to-day Field-Marshals.

"Gentlemen," he declared, "you know that I am most concerned with the reconstruction of our fighting forces, and you know furthermore that I am an admirer of technical progress.

"Well, it has been weighing on my mind that our beautiful tanks were so easily vulnerable from anti-tank guns, and the result of my researches is the creation of the mightiest, heaviest tank that was ever constructed, a tank that shall not be pierced by any shell."

The surprised Generals were shown the blue-print of a tank that "he" himself had constructed, a monster of a tank.

They looked at the blue-print, they looked at each other, and they were distinctly heard to clear their throats.

But the Fuehrer beamed.

"I have already ordered the Krupp works to build this tank," he added.

Then followed a monologue expounding how he would crush all his enemies with his new monster tank—and then, well, then the meeting was over.

Meanwhile, the engineers in the Krupp works were racking their brains.

"It is impossible," they declared after poring over Hitler's blue-print.

But an order is an order, and the unhappy Dr. Kugelmann, who was entrusted with the task, went to work, well knowing that his life was at stake.

He built the tank in strict accordance with the blue-print.

Then came the test drive.

The tank refused to move. It was much too heavy.

★ ★ ★

Dr. Kugelmann, of course, was accused of sabotaging the Fuehrer's ingenious plans.

The Gestapo obediently found out that he had Jewish blood in his veins. He was thrown into a concentration camp.

Germany certainly has powerful tanks to-day.

They were built after the occupation of Czecho-Slovakia and discovery in the famous Skoda works of a new steel-hardening process.

Nazis Were Dressed for the Part

SHORTLY before the outbreak of war, a group of Japanese Government officials stood waiting to receive a Nazi delegation in Tokio. They were surprised when the Nazis, five tall, fair-haired chaps, approached them dressed in—kimonos.

This gesture was meant to be polite, but it puzzled the Japanese.

Since then the Nazis in Japan have discarded the disguise.

They appear quite openly in ever-increasing numbers, all the familiar types of military and naval experts, administrative, propaganda and police advisers. Some of them are now wearing the black uniform of the S.S. Guards.

It is they who speak through the mouth of the talkative Japanese Foreign Minister Matsuoka, who has just admitted that he would like to "institute German-like control of our national life from to-morrow."

Hitler's Tokio Ambassador, Major-General Ott, is hand-in-glove with the radical young army officers who determine their country's foreign policy.

Mysterious Dr. Stahmer

To help them along, Hitler has also sent the mysterious Dr. Stahmer, tall, sinister-looking adventurer friend of Professor Houshofer, Nazi adviser on Japanese affairs.

Travelling via Russia and Yokohama, Dr. Stahmer is constantly in and out of Japan.

He has prepared the way for the numerous Nazi commissions now pouring into Japan and slowly but effectively taking control of the country's public life, spying on British and American residents, organising, administering, training troops and aviators.

And now that the political and economic ground staff is heavily entrenched, Hitler has sent one of his "big shots" to take over economic control of Japan and link it to the Nazi war effort. He is Dr. Helmut Wohltat, Director-General and the Nazi Minister of Economics.

Wohltat, a cavalry officer in the last war, has the confidence of the Reichswehr.

Lining Their Pockets

He has carried through profitable business deals in many countries for a number of officers. He exploited Rumanian oil for them—and for himself—and made money out of Spain's need for Nazi help in the civil war.

In Japan, Wohltat can be trusted to harness the country as completely to the Nazis as Clodius, his intimate friend and colleague in the Nazi Ministry, has done with the Italians.

For the Nazis, Japan is the basis of their operations against the United States.

Their spies over there, working under Wiedemann, use Tokio as their spiritual home. Wiedemann himself frequently disappears from his post as Consul-General in San Francisco to take "a holiday" in Japan.

With Wohltat in control it will not now be long before Hitler gives the sign to Japan to start.

Once he has established himself in a country, Wohltat makes sure that it has scant chance of escape from the Nazi clutches.

The Nazis in kimonos are on the march.

COMMODORE G. PURSSEY PHILLIPS, who has sailed 2,000,000 miles, faced U-boats, mines, surface raiders, tells a story that will live for ever in the sagas of the Atlantic Battle

A Mutiny to Face Death!

MUTINY on the high seas is a grave crime in the piping days of peace. In war time it is punishable by death.

It is of mutiny on the high seas that I shall tell you; mutiny in a British vessel during this war, in circumstances of the gravest peril to all concerned.

A big merchantman carrying a vitally important secret cargo was standing across a stormy sea.

She was "shipping it green," with long curling rollers sliding right over her foredeck.

A fast, well-found ship, she was not convoyed, trusting to her big Clyde-built engines to give her the heels of trouble—and to her hard, salted skipper and tough seamanlike crew.

She was one of those ships that the deeper she rode the better she'd steam; and she was riding deep this time, for what she carried was something Hitler would have given two fingers to send to the bottom.

A Welcome Mist

She had had a rough passage in more senses than one.

The weather had been foul. One misty morning she had sighted what was unmistakably a warship nearly hull down to port. Obeying her sailing orders, she took to her heels without waiting to see what ship it was.

The warship followed. It was a pocket battleship, with speed enough to run down any merchantman that ever snored through blue water.

The gap closed. One or two ranging shells sent volcanoes of water round the fugitive.

Then one exploded almost under her stern, making her leap like a horse.

And then, just as the German gunners were laying their guns for a salvo that should blow the fleeing quarry out of the water, thick mist drifted down, she slipped into it, and after three hours' zigzag running at top speed as blind as a bat, she emerged into watery sunshine on an empty sea.

A wild sea, and the tiny stick-like periscope could only have been seen by pure luck. It was a long way away, bobbing along just out of the water.

But it had sighted its victim.

Thirty feet below the surface, a German U-boat commander was feverishly working out calculations. The submarine, submerging stealthily, crept towards the doomed ship.

A £2,000 torpedo, with 6,000 separate bits of mechanism bearing 500 lb. of high explosive and a 350 h.p. 4-cylinder engine, lies greased and ready for discharge inside each tube. Other enemy sailors stand by, ready to trim the U-boat when the tin fish slides away.

Warning Too Late

The unconscious ship draws nearer, till she is broadside on, 500 yards away. The German commander gives a signal.

Too late, a look-out on the merchantman yells a warning. The U-boat, certain of its prey, breaks surface slightly astern.

Alarm bells are ringing on the British ship as the torpedo strikes her aft below the waterline. There is a terrific explosion.

Men are flung all over the deck. A funnel collapses with a thunderous clangour. The ship staggers away off her course and heels over several degrees.

She has taken her death-blow, and within minutes, or perhaps seconds, she will make her final plunge.

Aboard, there is no sign of panic. The fallen men scramble up and run along the sloping decks to their emergency stations. You hear the creaking of the davits as boats are swung out and lowered away.

The rusty U-boat, dirty from long skulking in the deep-sea steam lanes, lies wallowing smugly less than 100 yards away.

Her conning tower has opened and a little group of bearded men in woollen caps, great-hooded coats and seaboots cluster there, watching their victim go down, making no effort to save her company.

One of the British sailors, as his boat is lowered away, shakes a huge coaly fist at them and growls low in his throat. A laugh echoes clear across the water, and is followed by the crack of a revolver shot, deliberately aimed at the boat.

It misses or falls short and is not repeated.

And then came the mutiny aboard the sinking ship.

As she settled, ominously steady now despite the raging sea, robbed of all that leaping lightness with which a good ship lifts to the storm as if she herself were part of it and inspired with its spirit, the skipper, hard-mouthed, steady-faced, moved from place to place.

He was seeing that all his men were in the boats, that the ship's log was saved, and that nothing was left aboard which, being picked up later perhaps by the U-boat, would help the enemy to do more harm to Britain.

These Things are Vital

Few landsmen realise how important these duties are; but there is not a captain in the Service who would not rather feel the bridge plunge down into the deeps beneath his feet than abandon it while such vital items as code-books and sailing details were available for capture.

Everyone was gone. No! The radio was still crackling—flinging out a message across the tumultuous sea.

The grinning, pistol-firing Huns in the U-boat must have missed that, or they would have opened up with their guns and blown the sinking hulk to rags!

Crackle—crackle—crackle . . .

His seaboots thumping on the deserted ladders, the skipper raced down to the radio officer's room.

Sitting there as quietly as if he were in a great passenger liner moving, with band playing and diners idling, over a peaceful ocean, Radio Officer P. G. Windsor was sending out a single brief message in code . . . repeating it time after time.

The skipper yelled at him, but the man with the headphones on never looked up or moved.

Only his fingers tapped unhurriedly at the keys of his operating board, and the message went buzz-buzzing through the ether to where tigerish grey ships were already turning in their tracks, snaking round as swift as cats after their own tails, and then setting a die-straight course with white foam rising at their stems ("bones in their teeth") and the water pouring white away behind their narrow, speedy hulls.

"Get on deck, damn you!" roared the skipper, grasping the radio officer's shoulder and trying to tear him away by brute force, for a captain is responsible for every life aboard his craft.

But Windsor shook him off, and turned snarling back to his instrument board, and went on tap-tap-tapping out directions to those not-so-distant racing grey shapes.

The captain had his responsibility to the rest of his crew. "God bless you!" he growled, pressing the mutineer's shoulder hard. And then he raced on deck.

The last boat had gone. The ship was poising for her dive. The U-boat was gently moving away so as to be clear of the final terrible flounder of the sinking merchantman.

The British skipper put his hands together and took a clean header into a rising wave.

He came up puffing, and was almost immediately grabbed by the collar and dragged bodily into a lifeboat that had been standing by ready for him.

Then the men at the oars made them creak as they pulled like mad away from the doomed ship.

But the skipper, looking back, saw the little figure of the radio officer run up on deck.

Too late! The big ship rears—stands vertically on her stern. . . .

The radio officer grabs a rope and slides down it, splashing into the water just as the ship, with a giant's gurgling death-sigh, slides down and vanishes beneath a stupendous boiling explosion from her own boilers.

But the skipper is swimming hard—back to what looks like certain death—back into the awful maelstrom of swirling wreckage and barrels and spars and mess that has shot up from the abyss out of the guts of the broken and sunken ship.

When a ship goes down, anything for fifty yards round is sucked into the whirlpool and dragged down—down—down to certain drowning. There is a chance in a million—that is all.

The skipper went down. But there are men of the Red Duster that you can't drown; and presently his head appeared again, bobbing in the boiling sea among the huge lumps of dangerous wreckage, looking purposefully round. . . .

And he saw what he sought. Windsor, the radio officer, came up, too. He was in bad case, more dead than alive, floating along soggily like a drowned rat.

The skipper got him and held him up. That dogged lifeboat came sliding up to the two of them and dragged them inboard.

Lustful for Vengeance

They spat out pints of salt water . . . and then Windsor, too feeble to sit up, flung out an arm, as he lay in the bottom of the lifeboat, and pointed.

Pointed to one—two—three smears of smoke, growing into plumes—visible quick as magic as little low warships, lean and hungry and lustful for vengeance!

The U-boat saw them, too—but saw them too late. The men grinning round the conning-tower vanished. Hatches slammed metallically. She crash-dived so suddenly that her propellers were almost above the surface as she went under.

But she was too late!

Like hunting cheetahs, the destroyers pounce on the spot. They slide through the green seas like enormous plough-

Bluejackets at the sterns work feverishly. On each destroyer four depth-charges are already on the runners.

Down they go—one over the stern, one to port, one to starboard, and then another over the stern as the ship races along. Enormous cataclysms of water—twelve of them—spout heavenwards; and already the destroyers are whirling about in their tracks.

A silver object breaks surface. It is the bow of the U-boat. It comes up vertically forty feet, turns over on its back and goes with a sickening slapping noise under the waves again, upside-down, just as the first returning destroyer reaches the spot and drops two more depth-charges just to "mak' siccar."

Smashed and Buckled

There was no need. Survivors of the merchantman saw the smashed and buckled plates of the U-boat as it plunged upwards, saw the mark where explosives had dented in the side of the hull like a can someone has kicked with a heavy boot. . . .

Their pigmy cheering spreads across the heaving sea.

The destroyers pick them up. Among them is Windsor, the radio officer, whose defiance of death brought those destroyers to the spot quickly enough to bag one of Hitler's latest ocean-going submarines, and take toll of those who dared to hold up a ship flying the Red Ensign. . . .

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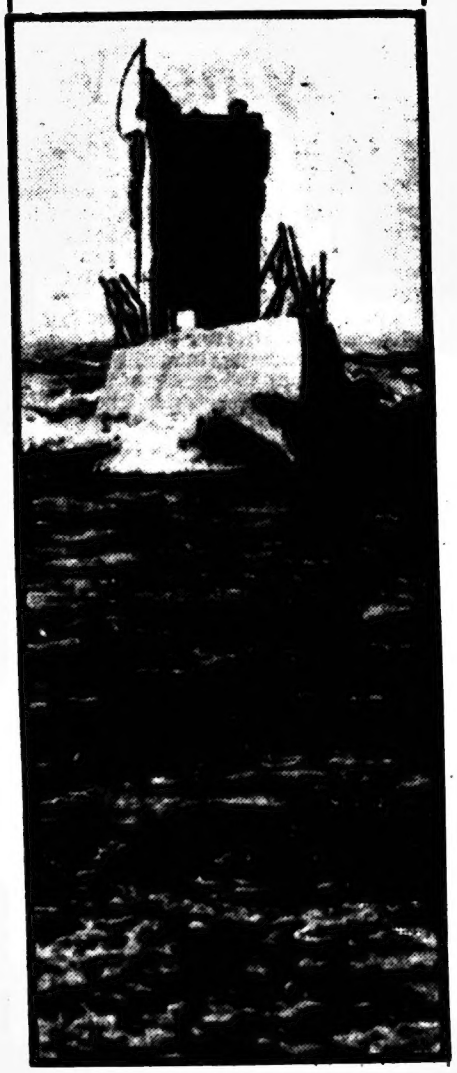
The U-boat, certain of its prey, breaks surface . . . . alarm bells are ringing on the British ship



CHARITY LOOPHOLES

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' PAGE

FOR more years than I care to remember, professional exploiters of Charity have had much too much their own way. Over a long period before the war some were making three and four thousand pounds a year without any real check on their operations.

Early last year I was heartened to learn that the Government proposed to introduce the House to House Collections Act, but in due course I had to point out how riddled it was with loopholes that experienced charity promoters could soon get round, and urged the Government to introduce legislation on the lines of the War Charities Act which proved so successful during the last war.

Grasping and Cunning

This was done, and the new Act, which came into force last summer, contained some excellent provisions which aimed at killing the war charity pirates altogether or at least knocking them out for the "duration."

But some of these grasping and cunning people have already found methods to operate despite these new regulations.

Mr. M. R. Jardine, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Charity Organisation Society, declared last week that something like £10,000,000 a year is still going into the pockets of professional promoters who know all the tricks of the trade and have brought their work to such a fine art that it has so far been impossible to check them. Yet the authorities are aware that their organisations are not what they appear to be on the surface.

Powers to license or refuse to register a charity rests under the new Act with a local authority. This is where its terms succeed or fail. In London and leading provincial towns the authorities are generally so vigilent that a bogus venture would either not get on the registration lists at all or could only operate to the peril of its promoter.

For example, one well-known charity racketeer, seeing the red light when the Act came into being, boldly blossomed forth as founder of certain "National" charities supposed to benefit members of the Services. The local authorities concerned were too hot for him and he is now himself enjoying the King's patronage—under lock and key.

But with many local authorities it is far different.

For instance, one man who was known to be associated with several "comforts" organisations which provided him prior to the Act coming into force with the bulk of the moneys collected has now migrated

Catching the "Titles"

He and his friends have gone to smaller provincial towns, where, with patrons and committees composed of well-intentioned people with titles, they visit local authorities in turn until they secure registration.

One has been clever enough to make a lot of money through circulars issued ostensibly on behalf of hapless evacuees.

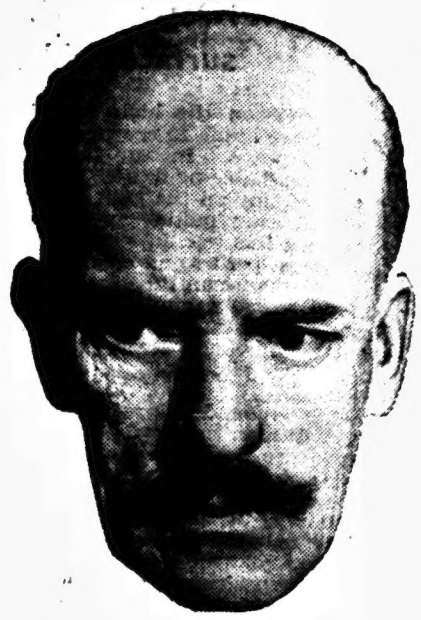
Begging letter writers of the educated type who turn their epistles out by mass production are not covered under the new Act, and are working at greater speed to-day than ever.

I am naturally pleased over the fact that the Act has put out of business a "mission" which was run on most extensive lines for over 40 years by an impostor who was first exposed in JOHN BULL in 1907.

We Must be Vigilant

If the utmost vigilence is not exercised by *every local authority in the country, big and small*, the charity cheats will gradually rise again to all their former glory.

It would be a most scandalous thing if, after all the trouble taken in bringing the new Act into existence, the racketeers succeeded in defeating its aims.



A law exists for dealing with these charity cheats if only those in authority will use it vigorously, says Sir Wyndham

Toying With £1,000,000

LOCKED away at the Ministry of Supply are secrets concerning an invention for treating leather by which it is claimed that the life of boots can be prolonged considerably.

It is estimated that the new process would annually save about £1,000,000 on the Army's boot bill.

Some years ago the inventor approached the Minister for the Co-ordination of Defence, but made little headway. It seemed that the saving of boot leather was not a subject which then thrilled the Government, but it was agreed that the matter would receive full consideration in the event of war.

When war came the inventor went to the Ministry of Supply, but in July last year a deadlock was reached over the nature of the test to be applied, but a test was finally agreed upon in August.

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Part of the difficulty was because the Ministry sought to lay down conditions to which objection was taken on the ground that the decision might be influenced by persons associated with the leather and boot trade who might be prejudiced.

However, the inventor proposed that 1,000 pairs of boots should be treated and issued to Army units for trial, but the Ministry decided that 200 pairs would be sufficient—this in spite of the fact that the inventor had offered to bear the whole cost of the test.

Eventually these boots were subjected to treatment, and on various dates in September were distributed to various Army units.

Six months later the test was still incomplete.

The mystery as to who or what was holding up the test remains unsolved.

Even the Select Committee on National Expenditure has not been able to clear up the matter satisfactorily.

"Such a test," says the committee, "could surely have been completed in not more than three months. . . . It seems unfortunate that the inventor's proposal to treat 2,000 boots was not accepted by the Ministry."

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Members of a sub-committee, after finding several instances of dilly-dallying, suggested to the Ministry of Supply in March last that a wider test should be carried out forthwith.

In the hope of probing this mystery further a JOHN BULL representative visited the Ministry to ask for information on a number of vital points.

The result was a stony and frigid silence—Ministry of Supply officials went into conference, and after two days decided that they "had no information" on the subject.

The public has a right to know the whole facts.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. F. Wilkins, Hawton Crescent, Wollaton Park, Nottingham, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. Information sent me by him brings up to date a file of information begun as far back as 1926.

Write to me about any subject calling for inquiry, marking envelopes "Public Benefactor."

Touts to Watch

ONCE again I consider it a public duty to urge the authorities to keep a watchful eye on members of "Jehovah's Witnesses," an American concern, which is also known as the Watchtower Bible and Tract Society, with headquarters at Craven Terrace, London, W.C.2.

I have heard so much about its activities since my last article appeared in February, that further publicity is clearly desirable.

How widespread are its operations can be judged from the boast of Mr. A. D. Schroeder, director of activities here, who recently declared that at a special pioneer meeting held in Manchester "a thousand full-time warriors" attended.

Literature and Records

Hundreds of "Jehovah Witnesses" are calling from door-to-door selling literature, and playing records on portable gramophones, giving messages in the voice of Judge Rutherford.

They throng the market towns and the industrial areas, selling their books and pamphlets and boasting that they cannot be soldiers of the country because they are "soldiers of God."

When "Judge" Rutherford's records are played some people of a highly strung character are soon depressed by what has been called "The Voice of Doom."

The experience of one reader at Hebburn-on-Tyne is typical.

A young woman called on her, said she was a "Jehovah Witness," and, offering her a card, added that in such times as these people could become members by paying a shilling a year.

When the reader mentioned that many of Jehovah's Witnesses were conscientious objectors the caller was unmoved. "You can't be a soldier of God and a soldier of the country, as we are killing people," she said.

On it being pointed out that we did not start the war and were fighting for our lives, the reply came that "We need not be fighting—a soldier of God doesn't kill people—England could stop this war tomorrow if she liked."

Then She Rode Away

Asked if she would allow the Germans to walk in on us, the voluble "Jehovah Witness" made no reply, but merely packed away the literature she had failed to sell and rode away on her bicycle.

Many of these people have already appeared before Tribunals as conscientious objectors. The chairman of one said recently that his colleagues had on numerous occasions commented on the frequency with which people had joined the movement immediately before they were due to register for military service.

A typical Army-shy member lately sought exemption. He was employed at a munition works and worked on Sundays at double pay.

While his conscience did not prevent him working on munitions on Sundays at double pay, this young man objected to military service "as he felt that he must work for Jehovah."

Frankly, I am very much concerned about the activities of "Jehovah's Witnesses," which, incidentally, has been banned by the Governments of Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania.

It certainly needs watching here—and watching closely!

PROFITEERS WHO LURK IN QUEUES

A NEW but ingenious racket—so far only being worked on a smallish scale, I'm pleased to say—is cropping up in different parts. But unless official notice is taken of its possibilities, it can soon grow from small to large dimensions.

Women who work in gangs are the chief offenders, and they stand in queues outside shops and buy up all the tinned and other available foods they can.

Some, acting in collusion, go from shop to shop similarly making random purchases, which are resold at the most profitable rates they can get to housewives willing to pay the exorbitant prices then charged.

Trade officials have already begun to protest. Mr. T. Hughes, President of the Retail Branch of the Walsall Chamber of Commerce, is one. A few days ago he urged local shopkeepers only to supply housewives who had previously notified them of the time they were likely to make their purchases!

Sauces, chocolate biscuits and tins of unrationed eatables are the main goods involved. And just a few "queue calls" a day brings an easy but unworthy gain.

Digging Hitler's Grave

You've been hearing about heroes in the skies, on the sea, the desert, and in Greece. Here's a story of plucky men who are just as much in the front line and just as vital for victory

By MAURICE FAGENCE

THIS is a story of the pick-and-shovel boys.

If it isn't as good as those other pioneer stories about men with rough hands and stout hearts who conquered Klondike, carried civilisation into the jungle, opened up America's Middle West, and built the great dams of the world, it will be the fault of my telling.

It begins as recently as last Autumn on a cold, bleak day, when six men trudged through yellow clay to the middle of one of the loneliest fields in Britain.

They looked ahead over broad swamps, right into thick woods, left over more swamps, back over sticky, yellow clay.

Then they looked at one another.

Here they had to build one of the world's biggest aerodromes.

Had to Move Hills

Hills had to be moved, hollows filled. Swamps had to be drained dry. More than 300,000 square yards of thick concrete had to be laid for aeroplane runways alone.

Don't gloss over that tremendous figure too quickly.

It is the equivalent of laying 24 miles of the Great North Road, 20 ft. wide along its whole length, and to a greater depth than is the practice in county arterial road construction.

For this aerodrome was planned for 30-ton bombers, which, landing in the dark, are apt to be more ripstitch than the heaviest lorries.

But even all that is but a small part of the job.

Giant hangars, repair shops, living quarters, messes, had to be built. It would have taken three years at least in peace time.

And it had to be done by this summer. There could be no delay, no compromise, for this was war.

The bombers would be ready to arrive by then. The pilots, too—"the men to whom so many owe so much."

To be a week late, a day late, would be to break faith with them. . . .

Within twenty-four hours the six men had installed themselves in a small hut.

They put up their progress charts—marking the week-by-week progress of every branch of the job—and hoped for the best.

Next day they went out and put lines of pegs in the land.

A farmer came up to them. "Don't you gentlemen know you are trespassing?" he asked them.

His Field—Yesterday!

Compulsory acquisition of the miles of sites had been rushed through so quickly that he didn't know that the land no longer belonged to him.

And they daren't tell him about the huge job they had in hand.

At dusk they went back to their hut to find another had grown beside it.

"Air Ministry. Entrance forbidden," said a notice on the door.

Two Air Ministry engineers were installed.

Even in those first few days the pick-and-shovel boys were pouring in.

First came the skilled men—men who had never known any other job than navvying.

They sank to their knees in the yellow clay, and began the real job.

Then the Employment Exchanges began to function, sending men who had never done an open-air job in their lives.

The Six Pioneers felt the job was hopeless when they first saw them.

There were clerks. There were teachers. There was a dancing master. There were men in scores who had never done a day's work in ten years. There was even a man who described himself as a trainer of elephants. They looked so awkward.

What could you hope from them?

The rain came down. Huge tracts became unapproachable unless you were prepared to bury yourself in the yellow clay up to your neck.

The men new to navvying tried their damnedest.

Then came snow. An east wind howled across the sodden site.

The trained navvies worked like fury—the others did their best—but because of the terrible conditions the progress charts made little progress.

No peace time contract was ever carried out under such awful conditions.

In those days work finished automatically when the weather was so bad. And you had nothing but trained men.

From Silks to Shovels

The six men who fixed the first pegs sent for a ganger foreman. He had been the first to reach the site.

They were beginning to wonder whether the job could go through.

He said: "'Strewth. What are you worrying about?

"Give these men a run," he went on. "Could you ruddy well leave your desk and do a job of real navvying within a month? Course you couldn't. 'Strewth, why expect it of them?"

They pointed to the progress chart which had moved so little in the last fortnight.

Said the foreman ganger: "Some of these lads haven't handled anything but silks in the last ten years. We regulars are learning 'em. Give us a chance."

They gave them a chance.

It was surprising how the progress figures mounted.

There had been no approach roads to the site when the job began. Any navvy will tell you what a grave handicap that was.

They got them done.

The county roads had to be widened by 4 ft. to take the traffic—even many miles away.

They did that, too.

To ease the strain on roads, they opened their own quarries for stone, their own sand-pits for sand.

But all the time the weather got worse. It reached the point at which it was cruel even to trained men.

Yet the newcomers were as eager as the old hands to keep on.

Hundreds more men were needed. They were coming in too slowly.

There were sections that couldn't be continued—unless you were anxious to drown men in liquid clay.

The best men were sent for.

They were told: "Whatever county you are from, go into that county and find fifty good men each.

"Bring them here. You will have to be their ganger foreman.

"If they are good men, you are on clover. If they are no good, heaven knows how you will manage them."

They went. They brought their men back.

There was Bill this and Fred that and Joe something else: people they knew in their home towns, and whose muscles and giant shoulders they used to admire.

The progress figures took a sharp upward curve.

More skilled men went out. They all came back with their fifty men.

And so, at last, the thousandth navvy passed through the gates.

There were problems.

Water was driven out at last. Then you had to go two miles to get the water you needed.

Some of the newcomers to navvying got homesick. A terrific problem in war time contracting, this.

Homesickness hits hardest at the man who has been out of work for years.

He has learnt to lean heavily on his "missus."

"His missus" has learnt to feel that he can only hold out against this rotten world if she is by his side.

The man to whom hotels are as commonplace as pillar-boxes will never realise how strong this bond of mutual dependability can become.

So every man was given a free railway pass home every eight weeks, wherever he lived.

I would like you to meet some of the workers I met at this monster site.

There was the man who couldn't help becoming a foreman ganger.

He went to the place three months ago as a navvy. He had never done an open-air job in his life before.

Soon the men round him accepted him as a natural leader. His official appointment to the job—which followed naturally—was inevitable.

Beat the Caterers

There was the Camp Commandant.

He used to be a navvy, too—at an aerodrome finished just before this one was begun.

The contractors for that job employed an outside firm of caterers to feed the hundreds of men employed on the site.

Then the caterers disappeared—possibly because they were not making sufficient money.

Hundreds of men were left hungry.

This man came forward with the offer: "I once ran a café in Suez. Give me a chance of feeding them."

He got the chance—fed them so well that they didn't want the caterers to be traced.

Then there were two young Scots lads—neither more than eighteen—who took train down from Wick, many hundreds of miles away, asked for the nearest Government building site, got a job, and have already qualified as experts on the costing side, with a good all-round mastery of many of the problems of contracting.

Eagerness pervades this gigantic camp.

If there is a man there who doesn't yet master the job, you feel sure that he will.

Good comradeship ensures it—and good comradeship is as plentiful there as cement.

Some drink beer in the very big canteen (where beer is sold at non-profit prices). Just as many prefer soft drinks.

Wild West Atmosphere

Some like a game of cards far into the night in the warm wood cabins so reminiscent of the Wild West—as is the camp itself. Others prefer books.

Many live for the nights when E.N.S.A. films are being shown. Beside some beds I saw well-thumbed Bibles.

You will find every type there—and every taste.

But they have one thing in common: That is their determination that the aerodrome shall be handed over to Bomber Command on the day arranged.

It will mean an end, for a time, to their amenities.

They will have to say good-bye to their warm cabins and spotless dining-rooms. It will be an end to many friendships.

New aerodromes will be wanted. They will have to begin again in a world of yellow clay and water and arctic discomfort.

But they will finish to time next time—as this.

That is the determination of pick-and-shovel lads building scores of huge aerodromes throughout Britain at this moment.

They will not break faith with the men who are to take over from them—who will soar into the night in 30-ton bombers to pay the Nazis back in their own coin.

Secret of success in the big drive to get the factories and aerodromes built is to keep the men happy, well-fed and well-housed on the jobs. Will Fyffe looks in at one of the canteens for a spot of lunch-time fun

ARGUE IT OUT By PALLAS

"MONEY HAS CEASED TO MATTER"

LORD CORNWALLIS, chairman of the Kent War Agricultural Committee, revealed in a speech recently that Mr. R. S. Hudson, Minister of Agriculture, said to him: "Money has ceased to matter. If you can get a quarter of wheat in an acre you must get it"

Now most of us know that *our* money—those millions we pour willingly and without stint into the war chest—*has* ceased to matter to many of the people who handle it.

I recall the hurried and improvised lines of defences we flung up after Dunkirk, when the threat of invasion spurred this island to immense effort.

I was one of hundreds of thousands of Home Guards who toiled and sweated on staggers, barriers, firing posts and pill-boxes.

To-day, those posts are neglected. Sandbags have rotted; trenches have fallen in. New and immense lines of defence have taken their place.

That was one example of money not mattering.

Another one was the building of Army camps at an estimated cost of £20,000,000. The final bill was nearly £80,000,000.

Sixty million pounds' worth of "don't matter."

Of course, money has ceased to matter—to those who haven't it!

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The man whose gross income to-day is the same as it was at the beginning of the war, and whose commitments are the same, knows only too well how much it matters.

He is probably buying his house. He may be paying school fees for one or two children.

It is doubtful whether the economic margin he allowed himself in peace time exists now. His net income is so decreased by taxation that he probably thinks it hardly does matter.

But he's got to carry on.

He does so by giving up his social contacts, cutting down his personal expenses, wearing old clothes—and doing it all with a grin.

The really rich are "soaked" so fiercely that they have ceased to be rich. The man with a gross income of £50,000 a year has only a few thousands left to spend.

Although many such men could leave the blitzed towns and cities and conduct their affairs from a safe area, they stay put. That is one phase of the war which heartens and inspires.

Such men who refuse to take advantage of their wealth give a lead to those who are compelled, by economic circumstances, to carry on in devastated areas.

I knew a man who, years ago, told me that money didn't matter. I believed him because his income at that time was only about a million a year, or some £3,000 a day.

He didn't carry money with him. His credit was good whether he was in London, New York, Paris, Berlin or Buenos Aires.

After his colossal crash he realised that money did matter. His was the old, old story—things only matter when we haven't them.

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In the wider issues of this struggle money is at once vital and unimportant.

It is vital to the State, vital to the building of those tanks, planes and guns we must have to beat the Hun.

It is unimportant to the individual as compared to the things for which we are fighting—freedom, tolerance, decency, justice.

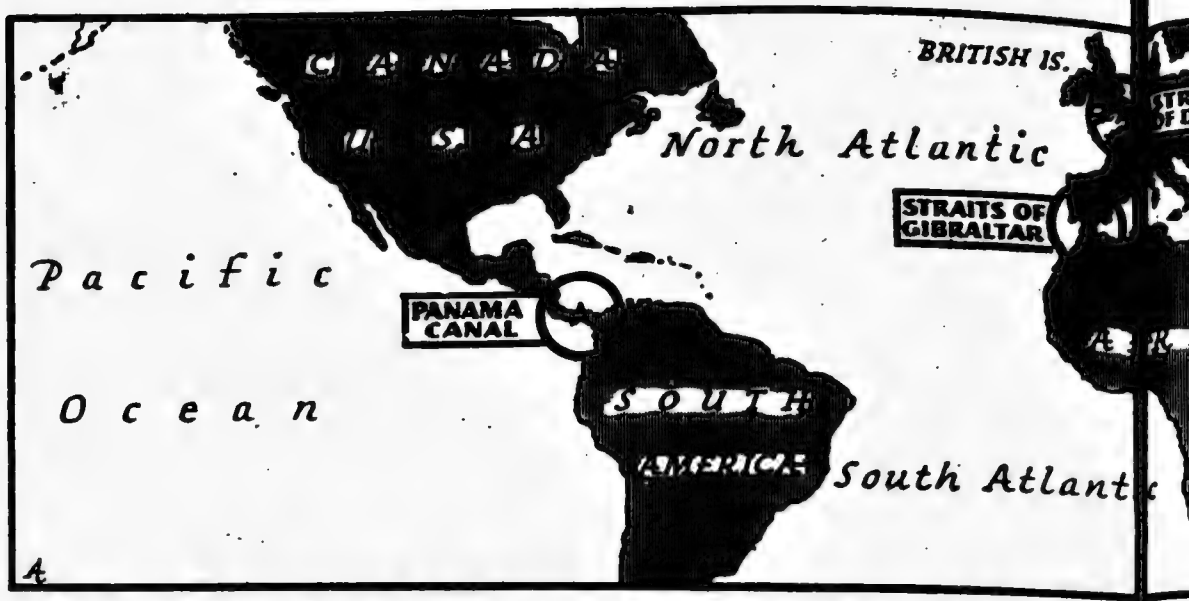
None of us, I think, would hesitate had we to choose between our bits of money and our freedom.

None of us could even contemplate a life of bondage, even if our money remained. And what idiot believes that Hitler would let us keep any money except a starvation wage?

Yet all these are specious arguments. The fact remains that money *does* matter.

It is, even in these days of rationing and of sacrifice, the open sesame to many doors. It can bring a certain solace; it can provide safe retreats for wives and kiddies; it can master the food problem; it can bring certain relaxations; it can still secure ease and luxury.

Byron called ready money Aladdin's lamp. The magical powers of the lamp to-day are not so wide as they were, but they can still work wonders.



BATTLE FOR KEYS

By A. G. G

JUST before the last war I was walking one day at Thetford with the late Lord Fisher. He was talking of the coming war which, for naval reasons, he had long predicted that Germany would start in 1914.

"It will be a war," he said, "for the keys of the world. There are five."

He paused in his stride as he ticked them off on his fingers.

"The Straits of Dover, the Straits of Gibraltar, the Suez Canal, the Cape of Good Hope, Singapore. Five keys," he said. "Whoever controls those keys controls the seas of the world. *And the keys are all in our hands.*"

"There is a sixth key," he added. "The Panama Canal. But that is in hands that will never be hostile to us."

THE KAISER'S GERMANY FAILED TO SNATCH THE KEYS FROM US, AND LOST THE WAR. HITLER'S GERMANY IS NOW EMBARKED ON THE SAME ADVENTURE, AND UPON THE ISSUE DEPENDS THE FATE OF THE WAR.

Do not let us deceive ourselves. This is a more formidable attack than the last. It is more formidable for three main reasons.

Then we had allies who had fleets and armies—France, Russia and ultimately Italy and the United States. To-day we stand alone.

In the second place the development of air power and mechanised warfare has given the enemy a flying start much greater than that of 1914.

And finally the policy of rotting the countries within by propaganda and Fifth Column plots has been carried infinitely farther than in 1914.

The result must be faced. The Kaiser was imprisoned in central Europe from the beginning to the end of the war.

He never broke the blockade, which in the end was his undoing. He never came near the seizure of the keys of the world.

Hitler's strategy, aided by the dry-rot in the democracies, has had startlingly different results.

He is the unchallenged master of the whole Continent of Europe. He occupies the entire coastline of Europe from the North Cape to the Bay of Biscay and from Spain to Greece.

HE HAS A FOOTHOLD IN NORTH AFRICA. HE HAS ALLIES, DECLARED OR UNDECLARED, THROUGHOUT THE MEDITERRANEAN. AND HE IS SNATCHING AT THE KEYS OF THE WORLD.

He has not seized one of them yet. But he is disputing the possession of the most crucial of all.

When nearly a year ago he captured the Channel ports, he believed that the key of the Straits of Dover was in his grasp, and that the war in the west was over.

The Battle of Britain disillusioned him. He realised that before that key could be won he must win the other keys.

In the meantime he could prepare the way for seizing the key of the Straits of Dover later by battering our cities from the air and severing our life-line in the Atlantic.

FOR the time being we may, I think, take it that the invasion of Britain is in cold storage. It is to be, not the catastrophic beginning, but the triumphant end.

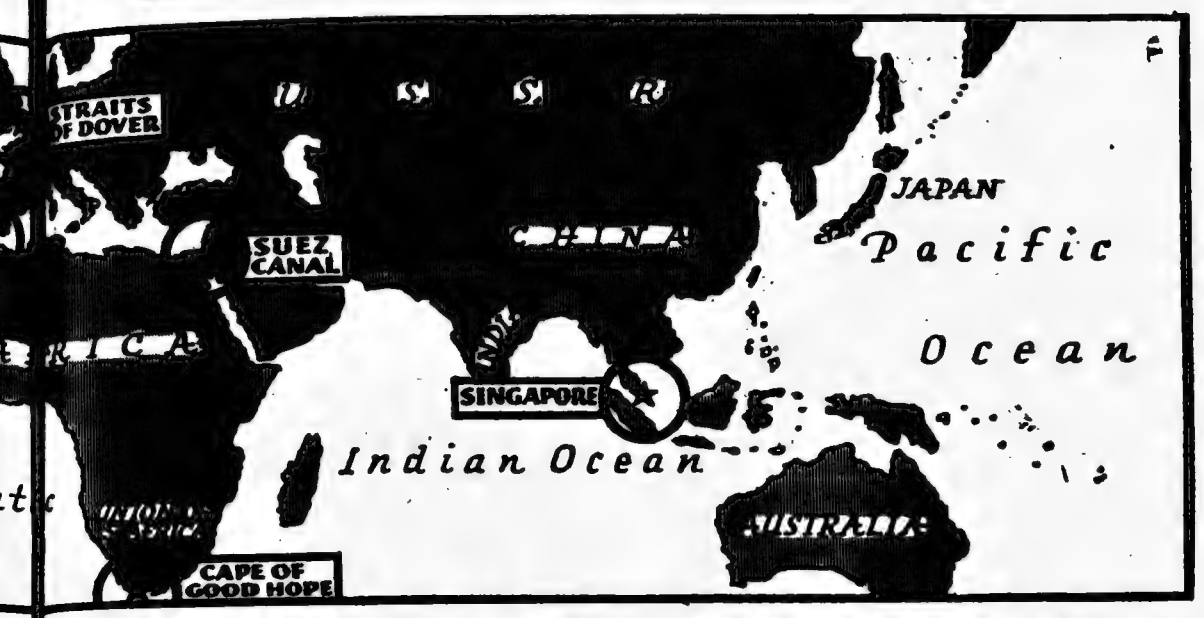
The immediate purpose of his revised strategy is to capture the keys at both ends of the Mediterranean.

Of these the most important is the Suez Canal, for with that key out of our grasp our position in the Eastern Mediterranean would be untenable. Asia Minor would be overrun, supplies through the Red Sea would be useless, and our defensive line in the East would be shifted disastrously to Basra and Irak.

But Hitler is a long way from the Suez, and his spectacular drive through the Balkans to the Ægean Sea must not alarm us unduly.

He smashed through Belgium and France with even more spectacular fury to the Straits of Dover. And he is not across them yet.

The key of the Suez will not be less difficult to snatch. The pincer movement



YS OF THE WORLD

G. GARDINER

from Libya on the one side and from Greece on the other has formidable obstacles to overcome.

Leaving aside the question of Turkey, we have two powerful allies, the desert and the sea.

It is a long, long trail from the base at Tripoli to Alexandria—and waterless desert all the way.

With lines of communication vulnerable over a thousand miles and with Wavell at the far extremity, the job is very unlike the Juggernaut car drive through the crowded and fleeing populations of Belgium and France.

We have cleared up the Abyssinian complication in the nick of time. Our naval supremacy is unchallenged.

The superiority of our Air Force in quality has been even more marked in the East African war than it has been at home. And supplies by the Red Sea are now flowing in from U.S.A.

EGYPT HAS BEEN THE GRAVE OF CONQUERORS' HOPES, FROM FAR-OFF CAMBYSES TO NAPOLEON. AND I AM NOT UNHOPEFUL THAT HITLER MAY START DIGGING HIS OWN GRAVE THERE.

That he will dig it somewhere I do not doubt. And the desert is a spacious place to dig it in.

BUT to return to the quest of the keys of the world. While the main thrust is at the Suez, Hitler hopes to scatter our defensive by threatening two other keys.

The first is Gibraltar. It is too much to expect that either the men of Vichy or the unhappy Franco will long resist his pressure, and an attack on Gibraltar may well be imminent.

"Gib." once withstood a siege of four years. That is nothing to go by in the light of modern warfare.

But the Rock to-day is the most powerful fortress in the world, and, vulnerable or invulnerable, it would exact such a toll from the invader as would make even its capture dear at the price.

And, remember, if Hitler is scattering our defensive, he is also scattering his own resources.

He must keep up the threat here. He must throw masses of men and material into the Suez gamble.

He must keep watch on his neighbour Stalin. And he has a score of conquered peoples from Greece to Norway that he must keep down by brute force.

He has bitten off a lot. We have yet to see whether he can chew it and digest it.

THERE remains Singapore. Hitler hopes to seize this key through his deputy Matsuoka. There are indications that Matsuoka will do Hitler's bidding.

TROOPS ARE BEING MASSED IN THAILAND FOR AN APPARENT INVASION OF MALAYA, AND THAT MAY WELL BE THE NEXT THEATRE OF WAR.

But Matsuoka has much to think about. China is still magnificently unconquered, and is getting a more abundant supply of arms from America and Russia.

Matsuoka will have to beware of happenings there. We are not unprepared, and Singapore is a formidable base.

Above all, Matsuoka is not so anxious as Hitler is that America should be drawn into the war in the Pacific.

And that brings our tour of the keys of the world round to the Panama Canal. That key is not threatened by Hitler yet. But its ultimate security is bound up with the security of the other keys.

If they go to Hitler and the Axis, Panama will inexorably share their fate.

To avert that peril the keys of the eastern hemisphere must be held and America must put out her whole resources to help us to hold them.

Let her throw her whole weight into assuring our victory in the Battle of the Atlantic.

Given that victory, the Keys that Destiny has entrusted to us from the Straits of Dover to the straits of Malacca will never be surrendered, and the Key of Panama will never be assailed.

Swaffer Lifts the Lid

WHAT ABOUT THE RUNAWAYS?

● Lord Castlerosse, I see, suggests that Britishers who have skipped abroad for the duration should have their British passports impounded.

A good many people—"Society" nitwits, third-rate "poets," film people, effeminates, and even "sportsmen"—ran away from Britain just before the war, or, rather, somewhat mysteriously got permits to leave after the war started.

Some actually talked pro-Nazi in the earlier days.

We need not worry about these people. Most of them have, because of their veiled excuses for being abroad, earned the contempt of all decent-minded Americans. In the war effort at home they would be useless, anyway.

WHO SHOULD HAVE THE ORANGES?

● Whenever there is an unexpected cargo of oranges and other scarce foods we see a most undignified scramble.

Some of the oranges which recently arrived were actually bought by swagger hotels.

This is a scandal.

The 8,000,000 oranges which came should automatically have been sent to the hospitals and schools.

I remember, as a contrast, something I saw in the front-line trenches outside Madrid. Whenever I handed to a soldier, who perhaps had not tasted tobacco for weeks, one of the many packets of ten cigarettes taken for free distribution, he invariably handed them round among his colleagues!

CAN THE NAZIS BE CURED?

● "Some are curable," said Winston, in his last broadcast. "Others are killable."

He was speaking of the Nazis.

The only curable ones, of course, are the older Germans. Many of these deeply resented the Nazi brutalities.

Others remained more or less indifferent, glad enough to escape themselves from the terror.

But every German under twenty has been Nazified through and through.

All of them, boys and girls, know no history except the perverted versions prepared for them.

Nothing except the downfall of Hitler, who is their demigod, can alter them in any way.

CAN WE UNITE WITH AMERICA?

● Clarence Streit, author of "Union Now," has just published another book urging immediate union between Great Britain and the United States.

"Is this an idealistic dream?" many people are asking, "or will it ever be realised?"

G. B. Shaw is chortling because he ended "The Apple Cart" with a scene in which Uncle Sam, dressed in the Stars and Stripes of the cartoonist's fancy, arrived in England to tell the King that his countrymen wanted to re-enter the fold.

That, in 1939, was thought fantastic. Shaw now considers it one of his best prophecies.

Potential reunion has already reached this length—there are American troops permanently quartered on American aerodromes in the West Indies and Newfoundland.

On both sides of the Atlantic many intelligent people visualise a time when there will be federal union between Washington and Westminster.

How it will work out, no one knows. How long it will take cannot be forecast.

But, in my view, an English-speaking Commonwealth seems a possibility in the lifetime of people now in their middle-age.

SHOULD WAR BOOKS BE CONTROLLED?

● Some people are growing impatient with the spate of catch-penny books.

All sorts of unknown "experts" appear to advance "authoritative" views, to sell new theories on governmental and economic development, to suggest new "strategies" and to divulge "inner political secrets."

Much of it is incredibly stupid; some of it is mischievous.

On the other hand, control of it would encourage to more drastic censorship those Fascist-minded people who object to freedom of opinion.

Liberty includes the right of the other man to disagree with us.

Open up for MALTESERS

Irresistible chocolate bubbles with crisp honeycomb centres that taste deliciously malty *and* give you food value besides.
Do you wonder you can never say no to Maltesers!

2½D ALSO IN 7½ BOXES

BACKACHE

often followed by
Urinary Disorders
Rheumatic Pains

"Every Picture tells a Story"

Harmful impurities stay in the blood if the kidneys weaken

NEVER trifle with kidney ailments. Relieve backache, urinary and bladder weakness, rheumatic pains, aching muscles and joints, puffy eyes and dizzy attacks before they can become more serious. The cause in each case is a poisoned condition due to the failure of the kidneys to filter impurities and wastes from the blood. Take Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills. This special kidney remedy cleanses, strengthens and stimulates the kidney filters so that blood purity is restored and ease and comfort are regained. You can rely upon a medicine that has been used and publicly recommended by 50,000 grateful men and women.

1'5, 3'5, 5'8 (incl. Tax). *Ask for*

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

"My family all work different hours now"

Hardly time for a bath, yet how one needs it!

MOTHER doesn't know whether she's on her head or her heels these days. So much to do. First, Elsie home from munitions. Then Dad in from the yard. Young Alf—an hour later—hungry as a hunter. Getting meals at all times. Clearing away. Up at all hours. Mother has to get her bath in when she can. That's why it's so important that every bath, or even a quick wash-down, is really doing a thorough job. For in these strenuous days, days of work and hurry, days spent in crowds, often in shelters, there's more cause than ever for us to perspire. When perspiration is left in the skin pores it can soon cause "B.O."

Use Lifebuoy Toilet Soap regularly! It doesn't matter how much you're rushed for time, the penetrating lather of Lifebuoy Toilet Soap gets right down into the skin pores, getting rid of the perspiration deposits which cause "B.O."

How fit you feel—how full of life! What's more, though Lifebuoy Toilet Soap is so hard on "B.O.," it's wonderfully kind to the skin.

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more need for
Lifebuoy Toilet Soap

4D per tablet
(includes purchase tax)

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"I thought you would be interested to know how your wonderful SILF reduced my weight from 12 st. 6 lb. to 9 st. 7 lbs. My measurements were:—Bust 42 ins. Hips 42 ins., and Waist 34 ins. NOW my measurements are:—Bust 34 ins., Hips 36 ins., and Waist 25 ins. So you can see the marvellous difference."

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What a lovely Baby!

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1/5 and 3/5

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Check Teething Setbacks

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Lixen Elixir is the palatable liquid in bottles 1/2, 2/-, 3/6.
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HIT OR MISS

"John Bull's" Ten-Minute Story by WILL SCOTT

In the summer of 1925 a startling event took place in a beer-garden at Bannstadt

EITHER way it did not happen.

But just supposing.

In the summer of 1925 a startling event took place in a beer-garden at Bannstadt. It was only a narrow world that was startled. The great wide world heard nothing about it. But those on the spot got more shocks than one.

An unimpressive man named Kohn sat alone at a table, staring, it seemed at the time, at nothing, although it afterwards transpired that he was seeing visions.

Another man came into the beer-garden, a little man named Carlo Friml, a man who had known Kohn for many years and had seen eye to eye with him on very few things indeed.

Carlo Friml looked calmly round the beer-garden, drew a revolver and fired at Kohn at a distance of six yards. The bullet missed by an inch and pandemonium broke out.

What happened was the last expected thing. Kohn, who had been waiting for months to make his speech, now seized his opportunity.

With the eyes of the narrow world upon him he jumped upon a table and began to make a speech! And it was this speech, rather than the attempt upon his life, which filled the space in the local newspapers the next day and at the week-end.

Injustice was Kohn's theme; that and his own greatness. He dwelt on the sins of other countries, and the crimes committed by international finance. From the darkness there must come light, or world chaos remain for ever.

And *he* had seen the light. . . .

His audience was astounded. But that there was some sense in his words, the look in his eyes would have persuaded some of them that he was mad.

They listened. They *had* to listen. And listening, they forgot all about Carlo Friml. Friml turned on his heel and walked out of the beer-garden as calmly as he had walked in. And he was not heard of again. . . .

Such was the real beginning of the career of the astonishing Kohn.

In 1932 Mr. Pigeon and Mr. Carr, with their respective families, met for the first time in a boarding-house in Great Yarmouth. They took to each other at once and became firm friends for a whole fortnight.

Mr. Pigeon and Mr. Carr used to walk up Regent Street for their newspapers each morning, and then walk back again and sit on the promenade side by side, reading together.

Thus reading, on one of the mornings out of the fourteen, they were driven to the conclusion that it was a crazy world.

"Every time you open a newspaper these days it's *Kohn*," said Mr. Pigeon.

"Ah!" said Mr. Carr.

"What do you make of the man?" Mr. Pigeon asked.

"Blowed if I know," confessed Mr. Carr.

"That boy's going to lead the lot of us into a packet of trouble one of these fine days!" Mr. Pigeon declared.

"Wouldn't surprise me," said Mr. Carr.

Mr. Pigeon put his paper aside on the bench and stared at a white sail far out at sea.

"It's a crazy world!" he exclaimed.

"You're right there," agreed Mr. Carr.

"Every so long," Mr. Pigeon went on, "the human race seems to throw up a *curiosity*. Napoleon and such. We're jogging along, having a fairly good time, take it all round, when up pops somebody to tell us what a lousy time we're having. And, of course, we all cheer and follow him!"

"Ah!" said Mr. Carr.

"Take *you*," said Mr. Pigeon. "Take *me*. Most people. What do we want?"

"Of course," nodded Mr. Carr, wondering what Mr. Pigeon's answer was going to be.

"A bit of a job, a bit of a home, a pal or two, a pint or two, a fortnight at Yarmouth. . . . Isn't that right?"

"Quite right," agreed Mr. Carr.

"And then somebody gets up on his back legs and starts to show us what a *ghastly* world it is—and before we know where we are our job isn't worth tuppence, our home's gone and our pals too, a pint's gone up to double the price, and we never get a fortnight at Yarmouth. Most likely no food. No anything. Not because we want, but because of such *curiosities* as Kohn and Napoleon—and others."

"That's quite true," said Mr. Carr. "Oh, well, p'raps he'll fizzle out."

"Kohn? I very much doubt it."

"You do?"

"I do. Personality's a very funny thing, and this chap Kohn has got that if he's got nothing else. And nobody who's got it ever leaves the stage until he falls off. No; mark my word, that boy's going to lead this world into a whole slab of trouble before this world is through with him."

"Well, I hope you're wrong," said Mr. Carr.

"*I* hope I'm wrong," said Mr. Pigeon gloomily.

After a moment or two, Mr. Carr, who had been staring at the sands, spoke again.

"Do you think he's quite right in his head?"

"Mad? Kohn?"

"Well, I mean, reading all these speeches he makes."

"Oh, well," said Mr. Pigeon; "come to that, who isn't? Everything we want is here on this earth, and instead of taking it we shout and fight."

"Yes," said Mr. Carr.

"It's a crazy world!"

"You're right there," agreed Mr. Carr.

LESS than ten years later, although in the meantime they had not met again, Mr. Pigeon and Mr. Carr, and millions of people in all corners of the world, had reason to underline the decision arrived at on the edge of Yarmouth sands that summer morning.

The career of Kohn was sometimes likened to the track of a rocket. But it went not so much up as on. On and on and on. . . .

He conquered Europe, or most of it. He swept down into Africa and over most of South America. He turned to the East and thrust his way into Asia. People began to wonder where he would go next. Where, indeed, he *could* go.

"He'll be wanting the moon!" somebody said.

And somebody else: "I'll be glad when he does, and *gocs*!"

Outside his own country his was the most detested name on earth, and even inside his own country there were many ready to cheer when his amazing career should reach its end.

Kohn, Kohn, Kohn. . . .

Every day the name was printed in large type and spoken in loud words, until most of mankind became sick of the sight and the sound of it.

Famine walked the earth and men died by the thousand because of what Mr. Pigeon had once called a *curiosity*.

Kohn, Kohn, Kohn. . . .

In a blacked-out London, a London on which the bombs were falling thick and fast, a little man in a tin helmet shepherded the last of those there were to shepherd into the underground shelter and looked round to see what he could do next.

Above ground there seemed to be nothing he could do. So with a glance at the sky, for the moment empty, he too went below to see if he could be useful there.

ANOTHER man in a tin helmet was lending a hand. Passing, they glanced at each other, stopped, looked back.

"Surely you're Mr. Carr?"

"Mr. Pigeon! Well, I'm blowed! How long ago is it? Yarmouth. When *was* it?"

"Nineteen——"

"Thirty-two."

"You've got it! So it was. Well! Well! And here we are again!"

"We were right about one thing," said Mr. Pigeon. "That morning when we sat talking on the front."

"No, I——"

"You said—or I said—it's a crazy world."

"My word, yes! Yes! We were right. If crazy's the right word. And," added Mr. Carr, "*I* was right, on my own account. Didn't I tell you Kohn was mad."

"So you did."

"What a world for us to meet again in," said Mr. Carr. "Makes you wonder what it will be like in ten thousand years' time. If it hasn't blown itself to bits by that time."

"Ah!"

Mr. Pigeon shook his head, and then said viciously:

"I wish somebody would blow old Kohn to bits!"

"Too well protected," said Mr. Carr. "Bodyguards and armoured trains and what not. Other people can get bumped off by the million, but he knows how to look after himself."

"You've said it," said Mr. Pigeon. "It's too late."

"Much."

"The job ought to have been done while we were gassing at Yarmouth that morning."

"Or earlier."

"Or earlier. When it was *easy*."

He pushed his tin helmet back and mopped his brow.

"If any man *had* done it," he said, "he'd be the saviour of mankind. One of the greatest men, I reckon, that ever lived. And nothing the world could give him for doing the job would be too much."

* * *

IN the summer of 1925 a startling event took place in a beer-garden at Bannstadt.

An unimpressive man named Kohn sat alone at a table, staring, it seemed at the time, at nothing.

Another man came into the beer-garden, a little man named Carlo Friml. He looked calmly round the beer-garden, drew a revolver and fired at Kohn at a distance of six yards. The bullet went through Kohn's heart and he fell dead.

Pandemonium broke out and the crowd surged round the murderer.

He was executed in September.

TO-DAY I FEEL FINE!

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Purely vegetable

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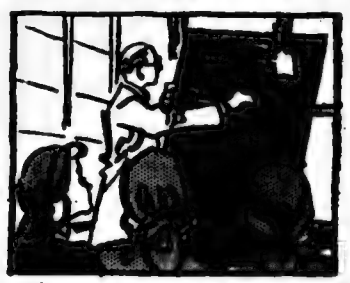
WAR WORK'S TRUE STORIES, No. 1.

Marion finds a fighting job, too—

1. When Marion's boy-friend was called up, her manicurist's job seemed suddenly unimportant, by comparison.

2. All the time she was wondering what *she* could do to help. So she went to the local Employment Exchange.



3. In next to no time they had fixed her up at a Government Training Centre, learning to make Munitions.

4. And before long she was in an important War job. At last she felt she was really "in action"—

5. —especially when she was made Forewoman. (There's scope for brains and initiative, in War Work!)

6. Jim *was* proud of her when he came home on leave! He knows how much equipment counts in modern warfare.

There's War Work waiting for YOU! Go to your local office of the Ministry of Labour and National Service, they will tell you how best to serve your Country.

YOUR DUTY NOW IS

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF LABOUR & NATIONAL SERVICE

HE'S A 'PLUS' DOG, companionable, lively, never scratches, never mopes; he's always fit and friendly . . . And simply because master conditions him regularly with Bob Martin's—the famous powders which, by purifying the blood, lift him to the highest possible level of canine fitness. So remember—one Bob Martin's once a day will make *your* dog a 'plus' dog with better health, better coat, better spirits.

BOB MARTIN'S
Condition Powders
keep dogs fit
In packets: 9 powders 7d., 21 for 1/11d.
From all chemists, corn-chandlers, etc.

Monday's still Washday for Mothers on Munitions

HOW do mothers of families now working all day or all night on munitions get their washing done? Yesterday I went to a town, where hundreds of volunteers have answered the call for more women munition workers, to find out.

I met some of these new recruits to the munition factories coming off their shift. They'd done a night's work, putting threads into nuts and boring holes in shell caps—strange work for women accustomed only to running a home.

One and all said they enjoyed the change and were glad to be doing their bit. "Besides, the money we earn comes in useful. It's not easy keeping a family nowadays, with the prices of everything going up," said one mother of three.

I went home with her to the neat little council house she keeps spotlessly clean in between "shifts" and sleeping.

"Don't you find it difficult to get everything done during the day and still get your sleep in?" I said.

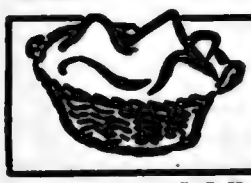
"No," she said, "I've got it all worked out. And the children are a wonderful help. But the washing was a problem, until some of the girls at the factory told me about the no-boil method."

I asked her what that was and she said it was a method where you *soaked* the clothes clean in Rinso instead of having to boil them.

"IT'S a godsend," she said. "I can get the whole wash finished in just over an hour. I wish I'd discovered this Rinso method before I went on munitions. It would have saved me no end of hard work, to say nothing of saving gas. The other women tell me it makes the clothes last longer, too."

I chatted with several more of these munition mothers, before their bedtime in the middle of the morning. Cheerful, capable, doing two full-time jobs at once and *liking* it, these women are the very salt of the nation. More power to them!

WARTIME ADVICE FREE. If you come up against any difficulty in washing—tell the Rinso Wash-Testing Laboratories all about it and they'll be able to help you. Nothing's too much trouble for them. Write, with details, to: Miss Spencer, Rinso Wash-Testing Laboratories, Bebington, Cheshire.



B 9079-274 *R. S. Hudson Limited, London*

VOICE of the PEOPLE

All You Need is a Permit

WATCHING the newsreel, I was astounded to see a study of Mr. Menzies, Australia's Prime Minister, filming the result of a bad blitz on Plymouth.

I would like to film the work of the Hun with my own cine-camera. I would more than guarantee that the enemy wouldn't get hold of the film. I would willingly hand it over to the authorities for the duration.

But if I tried it on, I could see myself spending some time as a guest of His Majesty.—James Waite, Pentonville Road, N.

It is a question of having a permit. If Australia's chief citizen doesn't deserve one, who does?

Mr. Menzies making a film record during his tour of south-west England

Stop the Rent Racket!

When a room is let for a rent exceeding the rent of the house, a tax of 50 per cent. should be imposed on the difference.

When a house is let (either furnished or unfurnished) for more than it would have fetched the week before war broke out, a tax of 75 per cent. should be imposed on the difference.

It will enable the Chancellor to take scores of millions of pounds a year out of war cheats.

More important still, it will discourage would-be rent cheats of the future.—N. Clare, Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

A case we can vouch for: Two adjoining cottages in Hertfordshire rented at 8s. per week for the pair, sub-let to bombed-out families from London at £3 5s. the pair.

"Jerry"-Minded Britons

It makes my blood boil to hear Britons refer almost affectionately to an implacable and ruthless enemy as "Jerry."

It is this "Jerry" attitude of mind which blinded many of our leaders to the real menace of Hitlerism and permitted Hitler to re-arm on a gigantic scale under our very noses.

You don't hear such talk from Churchill. He refers to the Nazi—and the Fascist—in language that is—well, unvarnished, to say the least.—S. E. N., Onslow Drive, Glasgow, E.1.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS:—"The remarkable performance of American aircraft is well instanced by the Glenn Martin Maryland, a medium BOWLER."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"Faced with the failure of their seven-day offensive against the Greeks, Mussolini's war LOANS in Albania are furious, say Athens reports."

NEWCASTLE JOURNAL AND NORTH MAIL:—"Fire, which broke out on Sunday on board Germany's CRANK liner *Bremen* was still blazing last night."

BRISTOL EVENING WORLD:—"Mr. B——, the eldest Bristol pilot, had been DIVING in retirement for the last fifteen years."

NEWCASLE EVENING CHRONICLE:—"Cut the carrots and parsnips into FEAR."

SOUTH WALES ECHO AND EXPRESS:—"The girl often remained out of doors UNTIL MIDNIGHT AT 2 A.M."

HINCKLEY TIMES AND GUARDIAN:—"In addition he had to maintain a council HORSE."

Snoopers Ahoy!

One of my sons is a pilot flying bombers. Another has been invalided out of the war after serving in France. My daughter is on vital Government work. My husband gave his life for Britain as a consequence of the last war, and is buried at Cologne.

Yet the local Home Guard has advised me that I have given my house a German name and advised me to remove it.

The name is Koln—meaning Cologne. Anyone reading the sentence relating to my husband's death will see the reason. Surely, no one can demand that I drop it.—Mrs. E. B. Sutton, "Koln," Hurst Road, Sidcup, Kent.

The busybody will be with us always.

Sweet Coal

Reader Griffen is quite right in describing saccharine as a product of coal, but errs in stating that because there is a surplus of coal there should be plenty of saccharine.

Toluene, obtained from coal, is the raw material from which saccharine is made.

The terrible explosive T.N.T., or Trinitro-toluene, is also made from it. That may help to explain the shortage.

Also, the manufacture of saccharine is highly complicated, calls for great experience and a costly plant—and not every firm likes to undertake the work.

In any case, saccharine is not a necessity of life.—A. C. W. (M.P.S.), Dover.

Official Waste

You musn't waste food in war time—but apparently the authorities can.

My business took me to a police court when a man was charged with stealing fifty cucumbers.

It was a week before the hearing was completed. Asked what had happened to the cucumbers, the police superintendent said sadly: "All perished, your worships, although we did our best to keep them. They would have sold for 2s. 6d. each at the time of the theft."

The week before, a fowl—subject of another charge—was produced in court. It was "too far gone" to be of value as food.—Mrs. M. L. Abbott, Elm Road, Shefford, Beds.

Worth Kicking!

As one of the housewives of Britain who have temporarily given up the kitchen for the workshop, I felt nervous on the first day of the new job.

The first notice I saw on starting work, however, helped to put me at my ease:

"Don't kick if I kick," it said. "If you are worth correcting, you are worth keeping. I don't waste my time picking specks out of rotten apples."—Mrs. Abbott, Welling, Kent.

Money to Spare?

Robes for the new Lord Chancellor, I note, cost the nation £375 4s. 6d.

Phew! And we are told that it is patriotic to go shabby.

Surely those of the old Lord Chancellor could have been made to fit.

The money spent may only be one-twelfth of a Spitfire—but it's the principle.—R. W. L., c.o. Watermoor Road, Cirencester, Gloucestershire.

Are These Patriots

Jewellers appeal to you to sell your gold on the grounds that you are performing a patriotic duty by doing so.

★ This is your feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Yet the same jewellers invite you to buy articles of gold ranging in price from £2 to £100.

I think too many business people are making "patriotism" a tool with which to make more money.—J. H., Croston Street, Bolton.

Send on Cigarettes!

How right JOHN BULL is in pointing to the cigarette shortage as a cause of loss of output in the war factories.

I work in such a factory. The men cannot buy a cigarette in the town, even by dint of queuing up for them. A supply reaches the factory canteen once a day—but such a small quantity that the stock is snapped up in no time.

This supply is put on sale after the mid-day break has begun—resulting in men lining up and waiting for their ration of ten cigarettes of the cheapest possible brand.

A smoker will get his cigarettes somehow. The result of this determination is that work suffers.—John Tait, "Somewhere in North-East England."

Children are Heroes

YOUTH is playing an important part on the Home Front.

Hundreds of thousands of boys and girls, aged 10 to 20, are tackling every sort of job—from farm-work and salvage-collection to assisting in hospitals and carrying messages through the blitz.

They will release many adults for the Services and war factories.

Thousands of children did such good work on farms and forestry camps last year that the Government have now asked local education authorities to adjust summer school holidays to suit agricultural needs.

Local farmers need only ask for so many hundred young fruit-pickers, harvesters or haymakers during a certain period. Schools will be closed to meet these needs.

Many youth organisations have sprung up.

In E. Suffolk, 250 villages were circulated with posters suggesting the formation of local Youth Service Squads.

Within six months 153 squads were in action, together with 108 School Service Squads—a total of nearly 2,500 children.

★ ★ ★

All squad-leaders are themselves children or young folk, and they decide what local jobs need doing.

These squads have been digging gun emplacements, collecting salvage, working on farms, killing rats and other pests, carrying messages, collecting pig food.

Girl members are knitting, sewing and darning and helping housewives with their children and housework.

The Young Farmers' Clubs, a national organisation with the Duke of Norfolk as President, own and raise their own pigs, calves, rabbits, goats, fowls and bees; grow vegetables and hay.

Financed by local people through bank loans, which they repay from profits, they buy their own implements, build their own sheds.

Stock is kept either in groups—in which case rotas of three or more members take on several days' full-time work—or maintained by individual members at their homes.

These youngsters are growing up with a sound knowledge of land and farm economics. Also, they are helping to feed the country.

★ ★ ★

Chief of all the organised youth troups are the Boy Scouts, who have a magnificent record of war service.

Ten thousand local groups are on war work.

Within the first war year, 53,000 were on duty as A.R.P. messengers, attendants at first-aid and refugee posts, shelters and so on.

Another 25,000 held the coveted Civil Defence Badge, which means that they have special knowledge of their district, its A.R.P. stations, shelters, casualty and gas stations; that they know how to adjust gas-masks and even "how to deal with panic, particularly among children!"

Young Scouts have shown astounding heroism during raids, and gained the highest decorations—sometimes posthumously.

One story is worth quoting.

During a heavy Bristol blitz, Scout-messenger Derrick Belfall was sent with a message to a most dangerous area.

On the way he extinguished, single-handed, a fire, and later he was seen carrying a baby from a burning house. He delivered his message.

Soon afterwards, he was found mortally wounded in the street. Before he died in hospital he murmured: "Messenger Belfall reporting. I have delivered my message."

He was fourteen.

How does she

Keep so Slim and Lovely

SHE is "a perfect picture," all will agree. She simply can't help attracting attention with her clear skin, radiant health and her lovely youthful figure.

She keeps in tune, in perfect health, just as you can by taking Bile Beans nightly. These fine vegetable pills keep her blood pure and her system free from unwanted fat. Her figure, complexion and happy disposition all pay combined tribute to this wise precaution.

So if you want to be healthily slim and keep fit and vital these days take Bile Beans.

7d., 1/5 & 3/5 (including Purchase Tax). Also obtainable in pennyworths.

"When friends at a Gym Club saw my perfect figure, they could hardly credit I was once overweight. But I proved with photographs how nightly Bile Beans had rid me of excess fat and made me healthily slim."—Miss M. K. W.-B., Harrow.

By Regularly Taking

BILE BEANS

BRAND PILLS

MEN OF COOL COURAGE

FIND BONDMAN THE COOLEST SMOKE OF ALL

Duty demands constant coolness; there's little time to relax, and moments of ease must give contentment. So *cool* Bondman's the choice for pipe satisfaction. Try it! enjoy its fresh fragrance.

LLOYDS'

Bondman

TOBACCO

IN 1 oz. VACUUM TINS

THIS TIN IS VALUABLE

When you buy your Bondman kindly transfer the tobacco to your pouch and hand back the empty tin to your tobacconist. It will be hygienically cleaned and used again to provide you with the enjoyment of vacuum-sealed tobacco.

RICH DARK VIRGINIA 1/7½ per oz.

EMPIRE BLEND 1/5½ per oz.

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.) Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1

Said Mrs. William Brown
to her dealer, Mr. Locke,
Why, Bulmer's isn't rationed
and yet you're out of stock.
Well, only for a little time,
I'm sorry Mrs. Brown
There's such a large increased
demand from everyone in town,
And war supplies come first you
know. I see, smiled Mrs. B.
It's not your fault, it's Adolf's—
on that we must agree.
Said Mr. Locke, dear Madam,
the skies are far from grey,
Let's win the war and then we'll
have our Bulmer's *every* day.

Bulmer's Cider

Everyone wants Bulmer's these days, but we cannot at present send your dealer more than his pre-war amount, so please do not blame him if he is temporarily out of stock.

H. P. BULMER & CO., LTD., HEREFORD

HUMANIST, discussing the problem of war time morals, considers religion to be the only force capable of holding us steady. Already, he says,

We Have Drifted Too Far

A MAN, a woman, then a child: the happy human trinity which is the unit of civilised society.

A man, a woman, then another man or another woman: the unhappy human triangle which often ends in disaster.

What would our novelists and dramatists do if there were no triangles to complicate their plots?

Many letters have reached me lately about this dangerous subject. Let me start with a simple problem.

No doubt his companion was old enough to take care of herself. Casual observers have no right to judge

While my wife and I were having supper in a restaurant in town, *writes a reader,* **who should walk in but my superior in business, accompanied by a lady who was not his wife!**

They did not notice us, but, since my wife and his wife are acquainted, information might be carried.

Do you think it is our duty to tell? Is it for me to act as policeman to my own "boss"?

If I did so, I should probably be made to suffer. The trouble in the man's home might last for ever.

But my wife feels that she ought to tell, and I should be glad to know your opinion. What would you advise in a case like this?

I advise the couple to keep silence.

They do not know the circumstances and it is not their business. Why should they have jumped to a sinister conclusion?

The boss's wife may know all about the meeting, but, in any case, the man is a responsible adult capable of running his own life.

No doubt his companion was old enough to take care of herself. Casual observers have no right to judge and immediately think the worst.

If the pair were not "playing the game" by dining together in a public restaurant, they will not be made loyal through being caught and reported.

By spreading the news the writer and his wife might create serious mischief. The less said the better.

THE next problem comes from a wife whose husband is deliberately breaking his vows and making no secret of it.

We have been married nine years, *she says,* **and we have one son whose health is delicate.**

My husband, who is now in the Army, has informed me that he has been unfaithful in the past and probably will be again in the future.

You cannot imagine the misery this has caused me. He has always had my complete trust.

He tells me that he believes in having a good time and that he would be silly not to take all the "fun" he can get.

I have made myself ill with worry. He says he is not in love with me, but after re-reading some of his letters written since the war began I find it hard to accept this explanation.

He says he married too young. His mother always drilled that into his head. He was an only child and had a difficult job to break away from his mother when we married.

I am afraid the mother is winning after all. I wish you would give me your opinion and do something to help me.

That mother may be responsible for making a rift between the husband and wife, but that does not explain his philosophy of having a "good time."

He fancies himself as a "great lover"—a Don Juan or Casanova—and prides himself on his conquests, as the Red Indian used to count his scalps.

He declares he would be silly not to take all he can. Is there any answer to such a theory about life?

The question has been asked many times lately.

Last week I had a letter from a young woman who runs a girls' club. She was distressed because the girls were throwing away all restraints and boldly asking, "Why not?"

Only yesterday I had a letter from a man who wrote:

I am a complete pagan. I believe in taking all the good things the gods send. It is useless replying that it isn't done by respectable people or that it isn't cricket.

I detest cricket, anyway. I have read too much psychology to indulge in self-repression.

I challenge you to prove that I am wrong!

And the letter was signed "Another Gay Lothario."

This man is using all the arguments which might be used by a greedy boy for making a pig of himself at a party.

I can think of several arguments against such a philosophy.

To begin with, there must be rules in civilised life, as there must be rules of the road to prevent disaster.

Physical passion is a terrific force and must not be allowed to run amok. Otherwise, society would fall to pieces.

Decent people have a healthy respect for the principles of chivalry. They do not feel that Sir Lancelot was a hero to be followed or that Sir Galahad was a fool because he kept his vows.

It is absurd that one should need to find an argument against the morals of Potiphar's wife.

I am not prudish, and certainly I am not sanctimonious, but I am convinced that the only way to stop this "rot" is through religion. We have drifted too far.

A code of lofty morals is excellent, but lacks power and authority.

The man who wants to break it will do so, just as an unscrupulous dictator will flout the rules of international justice.

Conventions and restraints are always weakened during war time. Destructive forces are rampant.

Our forefathers would have said that the devil was let loose in our midst.

There is only one power that can save us from ultimate destruction.

BEFORE I leave this subject I might find room for one more rather pathetic letter which reached me yesterday. It comes from a girl of twenty-two.

I am very unhappy, Humanist, *she says,* **because all the girls I know seem to think I am terribly old-fashioned and slow.**

I want a husband, children, and a home of my own. This is my dream of a happy life.

I cannot bring myself to going about with a different fellow every week.

I want one man who will be loyal to me, and I want to give him my undivided love.

I hate this idea of having to angle for a husband and catch him against his will.

There must be men somewhere whose ideals are like mine. They can't all be merely out for a giddy time, can they? I want friends of both sexes, but all my ideas of right and wrong seem to be scoffed at.

I am not going to make myself cheap even to get my dream home.

I can assure the girl that there are plenty of men who share her ideals. They may like to "lark about" with girls who are free-and-easy, but that is not the sort of girl they want as a wife and the mother of their children.

Love without loyalty is unthinkable. An individual must keep vows as a nation must keep treaties. These things are fundamental.

GUINEAS FOR READERS

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

OUR PRAYERS

WE pray, and then we look for the reply as if we'd cabled prepaid to the sky, as if our own request held prior place, as if we'd got a corner in God's Grace.

WE pray, and then we feel our part is done, so impatient are our hearts to see begun the things we've asked for, and we're most concerned if things aren't in our favour swiftly turned.

WE pray, and then we feel a shade of doubt, we wonder can God work our problem out? And so Faith's candle with one hand we light and with our faltering soul blow out its light.

WE pray, sometimes in anger at the way the world is keeping Happiness at bay, we challenge God to see that things come right, to lift mankind out of its man-made plight!

WE pray and then we feel our luck should start, we've taken God into our soul and heart, we've shown Him what we want and what we need. Man's conceit is immeasurable indeed.

WE pray and weep humbled by loss and fears, and there is more of Hope in those sad tears than all the wisdom of our mind's appeal, we seek Our Father's Hand beneath ordeal.

WE pray and in our souls we know that we are tuning in to God's Eternity, whence will come new hope, new faith, new strength. God can always be reached on Prayer's Wavelength.

J. M.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

Mr. F. C. Barnard, now only forty-six, served throughout the last war. He went into hospital in 1914 with frost-bitten feet.

Returning to France in 1915, he was home again in 1916, gassed and suffering from shell-shock.

After six months in a mental hospital, he served again in France.

Ever since he has been continually ailing, and has twice been an inmate of a mental hospital.

He has one daughter of twenty, who had to leave her work in London owing to nervous trouble caused by air raids.

His wife has a desperate struggle to obtain the necessaries of life after paying 12s. rent from a total income of 25s. a week.

"They would make wise and right use of any help you could kindly give them," writes the vicar of the Essex parish where Mr. and Mrs. Barnard live.

Do, please, send what you can, earmarked "Nerves," or for our General Fund, to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

All administration expenses are borne by JOHN BULL.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's issue will be sent on application.

We are grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

A Quick-Action TONIC & FOOD

for all who are

TIRED, WEAK RUNDOWN DEPRESSED

Here's an amazing **tonic and food combined** — a boon for the Tired, Weak, Depressed and Worried. It gives you a perfectly balanced **daily ration** of essential Minerals and Vitamins—substances so vital to health and strength—so vital to life itself. **For instance, one week's supply gives you as much IRON as 7 lbs. of BEEF, as much PHOSPHORUS as 73 lbs. of APPLES, as much CALCIUM as 96 lbs. of BANANAS, as much Vitamin B as 7 pints of MILK.** Vikelp Brand Tablets are made from a newly-discovered seaplant and contain 9 essential Mineral Salts, Food Iodine and Vitamin B —give you extra nutriment and sustenance. Start taking Vikelp to-day. No waiting for results. You begin to build up as soon as it gets into your system. Nerves calm. You feel stronger—more alert—vigorous. You glow with new-found health and energy. You tackle life anew.

FREE! Send this coupon to-day for free booklet, crammed full with vital information "How to Gain New Health, Energy and Strength." Write to Health Products Laboratories, Ltd., Dept. J.B.20, 153 154, Baker St., London, W.1. (You need only 1d. stamp.)

NAME .....

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JB

Germolene

Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

will heal

SPRING SKIN TROUBLES

"My face was covered with pimples and blackheads," writes G.A.P., London. "I bought a tin of Germolene and applied a little to my face, when I awoke next morning my pimples and blackheads had vanished."

Now is the time when skin troubles afflict and worry many people. Has your skin erupted into a mass of pimples? Have you an inflamed patch? Is your skin itching and burning? Get a tin of **Germolene** at once and apply it to the afflicted place. You will be amazed at the result. Itching and inflammation vanishes at the first touch of this wonder ointment. Pimples and blemishes just simply disappear.

Germolene is the world's greatest healer. Even long standing ulcers cannot resist its great skin healing and cleansing power. The most obstinate of skin diseases give way.

Sold Everywhere: 7½, 1/5, 2/5 & 12/6 Inc. Pur. Tax.

JB

Sabotage those bristles!

With the OLIVE OIL SHAVE

1	2	3	4	5
Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.	Softens the beard in one minute.	Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.	Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.	Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

7½d 1/3d 1/10½d

Including Tax

JB

To all users of FEEN-A-MINT

The Famous Family Laxative

The available stocks of Feen-a-mint, while depleted, are of the same rigidly high quality which has made Feen-a-mint the world's safest laxative. Many ingredients of first-class quality used in the manufacture of Feen-a-mint are no longer obtainable; the manufacturers have no intention of producing an inferior substitute product during the war.

It should be noted, however, that while war-time conditions have limited supplies of Feen-a-mint, more supplies are available of ASPERGUM — recommended by throat specialists for sore throats, tonsilitis, etc. Ask your chemist.

JB

½d. PER GALLON!

That's all it costs for the World's best vegetable fertiliser.

HAS your soil a chance to grow good vegetables? Nine out of ten soils lack sufficient HUMUS, without which plants cannot thrive. Sangral, applied in liquid form will make good this loss in 6 Hours. Results will be obvious in 10 days!

Sangral is the soluble ALL-PURPOSE fertiliser for all vegetables, fruit and flowers. It cannot burn or "burn" even delicate seedlings, costs only ½d. per gallon and is used by over 2 million gardeners, nurserymen and market gardeners. Make a test this week for 6d.

GROW REAL VEGETABLES

THIS YEAR—USE

SANGRAL

TEN-DAY FERTILISER

6d., 1/6., 3/- & 5/- Sold everywhere

LASCO LTD., LIVERPOOL.

MAKES men!!

An Underwear Secret

The Litesome guards against Strains, Chills, etc. Stops Fatigue, increases Energy and makes you

Free from RUPTURE!

14 DAYS TRIAL. "Popular" 4/7, De Luxe, softer, better, 6/8, Mayfair, adjustable aero-mesh, 15/- *(Prices include Tax)*

At Outfitters, Chemists, Sports Shops or send waist size and P.O. to makers

Litesome, Box 37, Victoria Park Mills, Keighley.

LITESOME

Supporter Underwear

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay tends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3 and 3/3.

JB

INDIGESTION AND FLATULENCE AFTER MEALS

You get burning pain and distressing wind after meals because your stomach is always too acid. Food simply can't digest and your stomach is tortured in the attempt. Why endure this mealtime misery when 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop it this very day? They relieve acidity and sweeten a sour stomach at once. The stomach starts digesting your food right away and finishes its work with perfect ease. You feel nothing—no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old stomach pain. If you suffer from acute attacks of gastric pain 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets will stop them in five minutes. Try them. Neat flat boxes for the pocket. Also family sizes.

JB

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

A. W. HELLIWELL CONTINUES HIS INTIMATE STUDIES OF FAMOUS BOXERS

SPHINX-FACED CHAMPION

Meet Joe Louis, a shy young Negro who can't find a man strong enough or fast enough to give him a hard fight. After Franklin D. Roosevelt he is the most famous man in America, but fame has left him unspoiled

NEXT to Marva, the lovely "high yellow" he married two hours before fighting Max Baer, the things Joseph Louis Barrow likes best in life are sleeping, fried chicken, Southern style, and good clothes.

When he began fighting professionally the bronze-skinned Wizard of Sock made up his mind to treat himself to a new suit every time he won—a modest enough whim when you consider that he collects anything from £10,000 to £50,000 a contest.

Clowning Max Baer, the mountainous Carnera, willowy Lee Ramage, dour Max Schmeling, Jimmy Braddock, the grotesque Galento, and our own Tommy Farr—they each represent an addition to the Louis wardrobe.

He Hasn't Spent Much

Apart from these sartorial luxuries, a classy automobile, diamonds for Marva, and a wonderful house for his mother, Joe hasn't spent much of the £500,000 fortune he has so far earned in the ring.

The sombre mask for which Joe Louis is famed can slip on occasions like this. Bill Robinson, the tap-dancer, has made him laugh, and sharing the joke is Joe's beloved wife Marva

This shy young Negro's idea of a perfect day is to get up to a fried chicken lunch, doze away the afternoon, have fried chicken for dinner, and go to bed early.

Although he is a dollar millionaire, and, after Franklin D. Roosevelt, the most famous man in America, Louis—pronounced Lewis, if you please—hasn't altered since the days when he worked with the rest of the family in the Alabama cotton-fields.

For many years he never owned a complete suit of clothes. A pair of patched and faded blue jeans was all he possessed, and perhaps this explains why one of his chief joys now is to be well dressed.

Louis has been champion now for nearly four years—he won the title from Jimmy Braddock in June, 1937—and he still remains as invincible as Jack Johnson was in his day. But there the parallel between the one coloured champion and the other ends.

Louis has none of Johnson's arrogance, flashiness or conceit. He dislikes Johnson intensely, largely because of the disrepute into which his former escapades brought the coloured race, and on more than one occasion he has pointedly told him to keep away from his training quarters.

The champion is a simple and devout young Negro, and ever since he first found himself in the limelight he has been eager to set the best possible example to the youth of his race.

Jack Johnson's reign was so unpleasant that it was said a Negro would never again be allowed to hold the title, but Louis has wiped that slate clean.

Sunday-school Training

Old Bob Fitzsimmons first discovered that he could fight when he punched the local vicar's son on the nose, but I think that Joe Louis is the only pugilist of any note to emerge from a boxing club run by a Sunday-school.

His Mammy is a fervent Baptist, and Joe has never forgotten the lessons he learned at her knee. Like Theodore "Tiger" Flowers, Louis reads the Bible every day.

This deep and sincere devotion has sometimes been unfairly "stunted" for publicity purposes, but Louis has always been more hurt than angered by stories that he wears a miniature copy of the New Testament sewn into his boxing trunks, and similar exaggerations.

It is, however, true that there is always a Bible in his dressing-room, and he often spends five or ten minutes reading this before entering the ring.

"Tiger" Flowers, who also hailed from the Southern States, would sometimes say: "I am a Negro man who knows his place."

£70,000 in a Year!

Louis might well say the same. Fame has left him unspoiled. Within a year of leaving the Ford plant in Detroit, where he was earning £3 a week, he had collected £70,000.

At that time he set his heart on amassing £300,000 before he quit. It seemed then to be an astronomical figure, but Louis turned out to be a money-spinner in the Dempsey and Tunney class. Not since the golden days of Tex Rickard's spectacular promotions has a fighter earned money so fast.

When Louis exacted that swift and terrible revenge upon Max Schmeling, battering the helpless German senseless in less than three minutes of savage fighting, he was paid the record-breaking figure of £940 a second—and that, if you care to work it out, is earning money faster even than we are spending it on our war efforts.

Louis is probably the most unemotional fighter the Ring has ever known. His coffee-hued countenance is completely expressionless, and his black, beady eyes are as blank and cold as a snake's. However the fortunes of the bout may be going, this sphinx-like mask never alters.

Ice-cold, implacable, relentless, the champion is the most formidable fighting machine since Johnson's day, and at the moment there isn't another man in the world strong or fast enough to give him a hard fight.

Shuffling flat-footed out of his corner, Louis looks as slow and lazy as his drawling speech, but there is that peculiar Negro gift of rhythm in every movement, and he punches with deceptive and devastating speed.

Out of the ring Louis is a silent, lackadaisical fellow. He is no mixer, and prefers to be left alone, but there is not an atom of pride in him.

I like him for his sincerity. He consistently refuses to sign cabaret, vaudeville, picture or radio contracts, although the bribes have been temptingly large.

Louis could also have made a lot of money by putting his name to whisky, cigarette and cigar advertisements, and this he again will not do because he has never drunk or smoked in his life.

Smoothing the Edges

Joe's is an all-coloured "stable." From his manager, shrewd and quiet-mannered John W. Roxborough, down, everyone connected with the champion's business of fighting is a Negro.

To his trainer, Jack Blackburn, Louis owes much. When Roxborough, wealthy Negro lawyer, and his friend Julian Black, a Negro stockbroker, each bought a half-share in the fighter, their first move was to sign up Blackburn to take the rough edges off their future champ.

Blackburn's brain is behind every punch Louis tosses. All through every fight, in every second of every round, Louis is always listening for the sound of Blackburn's voice.

Joe was as raw as a hunk of meat when Blackburn took him over. His speed, his punch, his panther-like agility and poise—these things are natural gifts. What Blackburn did was to teach Louis how best to use them.

Patiently he taught Louis the correct way to hit, how to make a blow that travels six inches more devastating than the wildest swing, how to carry his hands so that he could start hitting without waste motion, how and when to relax, and a hundred other things that he could not have learned in a lifetime of fighting.

Blackburn and Louis have every bout planned before the champion shuffles out into mid-ring. Joe can lick anyone he can hit, and Blackburn tells him how to get the other fellow in a spot where he can let him have it.

These tactics vary. They had one plan of campaign for Carnera, another for Baer, another for Braddock, and so on.

Knew Primo's Tricks

They watched the film of the fight between Carnera and Baer so many times before Joe tackled the enormous Italian that he knew every trick of Primo's style like the palm of his own hand.

Louis took the fighting name by which the whole world knows him while he was still an amateur.

When he entered the ring for one of his early fights, the announcer crossed to his corner and asked: "You're Joseph Louis Barrow, aren't you?" as he checked his card.

There and then Joe decided that his full name was too much of a mouthful. "Just Joe Louis," he replied. And Joe Louis he has remained.

He has only one superstition—never to enter the ring without a certain ring on the little finger of his left hand.

Julian Black bought Louis and Blackburn one each at the Chicago World's Fair, and ever since the champion has worn it. He never removes it until Blackburn starts wrapping his hands ready for business.

How long will he reign? Who can tell? At the moment, at any rate, there is no sign of a challenger with a chance against him. Only this I can tell you—Louis wants to retire an undefeated champion.

"Only the fools think they can go on fighting for ever," he once drawled, in what, for him, was a quite considerable speech. "You will not find me among them."

EVERY HANDYMAN SHOULD HAVE THIS BOOK

Readers who have not yet taken advantage of JOHN BULL's great new war time privilege book offer, *The Handyman's Complete Self Instructor*, are advised to do so at once. This offer must be withdrawn shortly owing to the huge demand for copies.

This invaluable book contains 600 pages, 230,000 words and nearly 600 diagrams, sectional drawings, plans and charts that show exactly *how* to do the hundreds of jobs that a handyman needs to do these days, and explains in detail *why* they are done. Turn to page 23 and send in your application now—before it is too late!

The Last Laugh

MISS C. (Dartmouth).—"No, sir, you can't expect me to be satisfied just to have a husband in a uniform when I marry." You will expect maids in uniform as well?

S. D. (Seaham).—"My doctor informs me that the process of thinking draws the blood from the feet to the head." This possibly explains why, in many cases, if you think twice about a proposition, you get cold feet.

A. H. (Ilminster).—"What, to your mind, is the best memory test?" A good one is to recall all the kind things you have said about your neighbours!

G. L. (Shorncliffe).—"Our dog is pretty tough, but he met his match yesterday when he began a fight with a circular saw." We take it he lasted only one round.

F. P. (Coulsdon).—"Several people tell me that when I am playing the violin it makes them feel very happy when they are passing the house." We're not surprised.

P. M. (Shirley).—"I got a dozen eggs from the grocer to-day, but they were no good." You shouldn't have dropped them.

GEORGIE (Pinner).—"An old gentleman asked me to-day if I knew where little boys went who smoked. I didn't. Do you?" Yes, the woodshed, usually.

H. A. (Ruislip).—"I am very fond of her, and I think she could do worse than become engaged to me." Of course. She could marry you.

J. S. (Dundee).—"I came across a man running off with my wife." And did you ask him why he was running?

POET (Maidenhead).—"What do you think the barber said when I asked if he was the man who cut my hair last time?" That he'd been there only a few months?

P. R. (Tottenham).—"My wife has a good scheme for seeing I'm never late for work. She always insists on my leaving before the milkman arrives." We wonder what the milkman is like.

MR. W. (Sevenoaks).—"I told my wife I was not going to be sat on in the future." See letter below.

MRS. W. (Sevenoaks).—"I caught my husband with one of his typists on his knee." See letter above.

G. T. (London, E.C.2).—"The office boy I sacked two weeks ago had the cheek to call on me yesterday." To find out whether you were still in business?

PROFESSOR (Cambridge).—"The student flatly contradicted me when I pointed out that he had missed my lecture the previous day." Did he say he hadn't missed it in the least?

M. B. (Guildford).—"You call a man who plays the violoncello a 'cellist, but what do you call a man who plays the saxophone?" We are communicating our reply to this by letter.

D. H. (Pangbourne).—"Even in these times I know a lot of people who want jobs." Yes—but are they the kind who want work?

W. B. (Ilfracombe).—"A roll on the floor first thing in the morning starts the day well." We prefer toast on the table.

L. M. (Kent).—"There is a crater on our golf course." So at last you will be able to hole out in one.

S. S. (Sutton).—"The burglar who broke into my house stole socks, handkerchiefs and collars." Well, you've the consolation of knowing that he'll probably lose his ill-gotten gains when he sends them to the laundry.

S. C. (Essex).—"I saw a man leading an angry goat through the village street." By how much?

A. Y. (Shrewsbury).—"I am going to try my hand at gardening this year." You are much more likely to try your back.

G. M. (Stalybridge).—"A sea voyage at this time of the year is more beneficial than at any other time." We doubt if you could convince Italian sailors of that.

J. B. (Exmouth).—"There are certain kinds of books that can cause a lot of harm if they get into the hands of inexperienced people." Cookery books, for instance.

D. B. (Ockendon). — "What would be an acceptable present for a soldier who has decided to give up cigarettes?" Cigarettes!

D. N. (Braintree).—"Every day last week I heard a dog bark three times as I lay in bed at 11 a.m. I wonder what that was a sign of?" Laziness, we should say.

G. L. (Huntingdon).—"I took first prize at the whist drive, and I shall never forget one particularly strong hand." Was it laid on your shoulder by the arm of the law who saw you take it?

MRS. D. (Christchurch). — "I gave him a few of my cakes and said I would drive him home." Didn't the cakes do that?

B. S. (Gorleston-on-Sea). — "Though we are living more dangerously now, some of the risks of pre-war days seem to have faded away." For instance, there is little likelihood now of slipping on a banana skin.

S. N. (East Coast).—"Although an incendiary bomb fell on the local bank, I ignored it and concentrated my efforts on one that fell on a baker's shop." How cruel to leave your overdraft to its fate.

B. N. (Pulborough).—"Slugs and caterpillars can quickly be exterminated by poison-gas." This will come as cheerful news to those amateur gardeners who have noticed that their pests do not carry respirators.

MRS. L. (Harrogate). — "It worried me when my sailor son came home on leave from a hush-hush expedition because he never once laughed." How could he if his lips were sealed?

MISS S. (Oswestry).—"My friends laugh at me because I have become engaged to a man with a very long nose." So you are going to break it off?

A. N. (Chipping Norton).—"I understand that ex-undergraduates design many of the latest female fashions." We shouldn't be surprised—they are notorious practical jokers.

T. D. (Birkenhead).—"I was anxious to make an impression on her, but our dance was a complete failure. I started on the wrong foot." Hers?

MISS B. (Wanstead). — "My neighbour never raises his hat to me when we pass now. He must be losing his manners." Or his hair.

F. G. (Littlehampton).—"What is the nearest escape you have had in an air raid?" We were just dashing into a shelter when we spotted our tailor inside.

A. W. (Knebworth).—"What is your idea of a clever woman—one who can see the point of a joke?" No, a woman who can laugh at a joke without seeing the point.

P. A. (East Ayton).—"I understand that an infant of tender years has no power of thinking." We are not so sure. Why is it that an infant yells the moment it sees the kind of world it is in?

MRS. L. B. (West Kirby).—"Our negro cook asked if she could have some soot when the sweep came. What could she want that for?" Face powder?

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Hum! I'm afraid you owe the Government £7 16s. 8½d."

G. M. (Ealing).—"A traveller told me he knew of a case of a baby that was fed on elephant's milk and gained ten pounds a day. Do you believe that?" Yes—if it was the elephant's baby.

G. L. (Winchester). — "With a family like mine the cooking is never done and that is enough to give a woman a pain, isn't it?" Yes, and also her family.

J. M. (Clapham). — "I walked miles looking for a shop that had oranges, and never saw one. And what do you suppose I heard when I switched on the radio for the news?" The pips.

M. T. (York).—"My wife has got hold of some of that cheese with holes in it, but I can't say I like the look of it." Don't be so fussy. Eat the cheese and leave the holes on your plate.

B. R. (Norfolk).—"Now that I am in the Army I realise that I was born to command men." How long have you had your stripe?

NO DOCTORS TO SPARE FOR FANCY ILLNESSES!

Ordinary aches and pains, like most other things, will have to be rationed, because doctors are getting busier and busier on more urgent jobs. Thousands more are now being taken for the Services.

THOUGH, as JOHN BULL pointed out last week, all refugee doctors over here should be employed at once, there is still a need for the 1,000 doctors America is lending to us.

Of the 52,000 in practice here before the war, a large proportion are now serving with the R.A.M.C. or the other service medical corps. Air raid casualties mean overwork for the rest.

★ ★ ★

The American doctors will not go into private practice, but will relieve the overworked medical officers in military and civil hospitals. Refugee doctors from the Continent will also give help.

Since the war started, the services medical corps have taken in more and more civil doctors. In peace time the R.A.M.C. has only 700 full-time medical officers. One cannot give figures for this war, but last time the corps accepted 11,000 civil doctors. And in those days there were no air blitzes.

★ ★ ★

Fortunately the medical profession was fully organised for war long before September, 1939.

It was the first organised group to compile a register of its members for war work, and the outbreak of war found it with a complete "dossier" of every doctor in the country, with details of his age, experience, locality and willingness to serve at home or abroad.

During the "slow motion" early months, those wishing to join the R.A.M.C. were disappointed by the delay in call-up. But more recent events, and the huge growth of our Army at home, have led to the calling of many thousands.

Doctors automatically become officers on joining the R.A.M.C., starting straight off with two pips.

Army hospitals may not be luxury nursing homes, but there is nothing slap-dash about the methods of the R.A.M.C. It is advised by the most eminent physicians and surgeons in the land, among whom is the "Royal" doctor, Lord Dawson of Penn, chairman of the Army Medical Advisory Board.

Newly discovered methods of treatment have revolutionised war medicine and surgery.

For instance, a convoy of sixty dreadfully wounded men arrived in England from Dunkirk. A few years ago probably fifteen would have died and another fifteen would have needed amputation.

But, thanks to the latest methods of treating wounds by immobilising them in plaster and allowing the body's own healing elements to get to work, only two died and no amputations followed.

★ ★ ★

Modern blood transfusion, too, has saved thousands of lives on the Continent, in Africa and Greece. During the French fighting, blood stored here at a low temperature was daily flown to France, distributed in cooled lorries and stored near the front in refrigerator chambers. Transfusions were given by R.A.M.C. doctors on the battlefield.

More recently the use of plasma—dried blood corpuscles—of which enough can be carried in a suitcase to treat thousands of men, has made transfusion even easier. It keeps indefinitely.

Up till now the work of the R.A.M.C. in Britain has been mainly to prevent illness among the troops. But it is ready, in case of invasion, to deal with a rush of casualties.

★ ★ ★

During the Battle of the Somme in the last war the Corps handled 516,000 cases within a short time. Even in those days its work was so successful that out of 2,000,000 wounded, 1,600,000 were able to return to the front.

The Naval Medical Service is a more "permanent" affair, though many civil doctors have been taken in as new ships join the Fleet. It is mainly composed of full-time Naval M.O.s and of R.N.V.R. M.O.s with naval training.

RESULT of "BULLETS" 1,000.

FIRST PRIZE—£100 CASH PLUS AN OSTRICH

Mrs. E. Bell, 39, [illegible]
Example: [illegible]
Bullet: PLAIN FOOD—GIVE ME IT!

£50 Second Prize: Miss G. E. Wagner, 16, Flyers Lane, Edgeware, Middlesex, Essex.
Example: Go [illegible]
Bullet: First "Spring on" somebody!

£10 Third Prize: C. A. Wade, The Manse, Condyporn, Nr. Pentyrch, Wales.
Example: In A [illegible]
Bullet: Gunning, by Guns Queens.

100s. : F. T. Brooksby, 9, Hyde Road, Wednesfield, Wolverhampton.
In A Queue—"Scotch Herring"—For Cigarettes!

80s. : W. Daniels, 82, Cedar Cres., Chesterfield.
Bullet Wanted—An Officer—Sir, Yes!

60s. : W. Morris, 22, Caroline Road, Llandudno.
When Bad Blood—"Pale Ghosts"—Runs Purple!

40s. : E. Wilds, 47, Colchester St., Sunderland.
On A Little Island—Sea "Spikes"—And Whistle!

30s. : H. Woodworth, 48, Hickley Lane, Tolley Rise, Sheffield.
Bullet Posters—Gardens Need?—Chin, Spanish!

A List of 2 Winners of 50s. and 50 Winners of 10s. can be seen at these offices. The 100 Surprise Awards and 2,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

EXTRA AWARDS VALUE £10 Each of the 51 Bullet Winners who entered 4 or more Bullets for this contest will receive a Special Grand Award value 10/-

ENTRY-FEE 6d. for each 2 Bullets. Postal Orders and Stamps must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make same out to "John Bull" Bullets, etc.

TO WIN A "BULLETS" PRIZE—Use any of these "EXAMPLES"

NOW'S the time to start making your Bullets! If you want a Prize Number and a 5/- Bullet Cheque!

A Bullet is simply an apt, original comment of TWO, THREE or FOUR words only, clearly fitting the Example chosen. The more your efforts can be understood clearly and from the most unlikely and sparkle which you can get in the latest prize-winning Bullets in this contest.

You'll enjoy making them—and you'll certainly enjoy the reward if they're the type to win a Prize. Why, it makes YOU John Bull's Star Prize-winner!

BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC	
BRITAIN ON THE WAR EFFORT	
BRITAIN'S STRENGTH	
LIKE A FISH	
WITHDRAWAL	
RAISED A LUMP	
QUEUEING UP	
SPORTSMEN WINNIE	
NEVER BEFORE	
BLACKOUT BEFORE PLEASURE,	SO
ADVANCED ON	
FLOOD OF ELOQUENCE	
WHAT WE THINK	
OUTSIDE QUEUERS	
RELUCTANT OF KENT	
CARRY YOUR GAS-MASK AND FOOD	
GIRLS IN THE ROOF	
OUT OF BLUFF	
THE GERMAN PEOPLE	

Six "Examples" below are for completion with the other selected word of your choice in the Bullets Required by each line.

Having 66	Your "s Value
Lost 3	Has Gone 2s
Just For	

DON'T MISS YOUR "BULLETS" BULLETIN

You are invited to offer 14 clever to space provided and then make use of your "Bullets." Bullets, etc. Bullets which fail to help you win, so add also the opportunity to secure your 1,000-word Bullets to-morrow.

Attach 1d. STAMP for copy of "Bullets" BULLETIN

RULES

1. Five Prizes will be awarded for what in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamps must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make same out to "John Bull" Bullets, etc. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

EXAMPLE
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LAST 2 EFFORTS **FREE** WITH 4 PAID. THUS GIVING 6 ENTRIES FOR 1s.
EXTRA 3 EFFORTS ON PLAIN PAPER—6d. ONLY.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets on this coupon.

Signed.....

Address.....

P.O. Value..... No.....

1,273 Closing Postmark: MON., MAY 19

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JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW PRIVILEGE BOOK OFFER

HURRY! THE HANDYMAN'S COMPLETE SELF INSTRUCTOR

"JOHN BULL" HANDYMAN. Each skilled helper is employed on your work. It is the Editors' aim all young people should have how to carry out simple home repairs if they wish to keep their property in good condition.

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Applies only to Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. J.C.B. 103-41

If this letter can be of any use, by all means

USE IT!

How, When, and Where You Like

I CAN NEVER THANK YOU ENOUGH

Dramatic Tribute to

YEAST-VITE

BRAND TONIC

Whitton,
April 1st, 1941.

Gentlemen,

In view of the wonderful results obtained from your Yeast-Vite Tablets, I feel it is a duty to place upon record my fullest appreciation.

For about three years I suffered from awful bouts of palpitation; the least exertion seemed to start it off, and it would last for hours at a stretch.

This caused me to cut down one thing and another in the way of food, leaving me so low and nervy that I could not resist anything that came along. No medicine seemed to do good. I was told it was the aftermath of malaria, etc.

Five months ago I happened to scan some of your advertisements in a daily paper, and it struck me that I could do no harm in giving Yeast-Vite a trial.

Believe me, the result has been outstanding, and at the present moment I really feel very fit and well. I now eat what I want, and enjoy it. My nerves are again normal, in fact it is a joy to be able to get down to work, putting in ten hours a day on fine watch work and jewellery.

To say I am grateful is putting it very mildly. I can never thank you enough for benefit obtained, and if this letter can be of any use to you by all means use it, how, when, and where you like.

Yours gratefully,
(Sgd.) Capt. H.

I FEEL A NEW PERSON

Reading,
April 3rd, 1941.

Dear Sirs,

I have taken your Yeast-Vite Tablets for years and I can't say how pleased I have been with them. Whenever I feel rundown I take two of your tablets, and I feel a new person again. I have recommended them to all my friends.

Yours sincerely,
(Sgd.) Miss M. G.

Norwich,
March 30, 1941.

Dear Sirs,

I am writing once again to let you know how much I appreciate your Yeast-Vite Tablets. They are wonderful. I am always recommending them to sufferers. When I feel tired and depressed I find nothing so good. I thought you would like the enclosed verses:

Just give me your attention,
And if you have the time,
I'll tell you of Yeast-Vite,
And make it into rhyme.

I've tried all sorts of tablets,
But never have I found,
A tablet which is just as good,
If you search the world around.

It soothes your nerves and makes you feel,
You are floating on the air;
It gives you life, and makes you feel,
You haven't got a care.

Good health is more than riches,
And I have proved their worth;
To me the name of Yeast-Vite,
Is the sweetest name on earth.

(Signed) Mrs. J.

ESPECIALLY EFFECTIVE

Worthing,
March 27th, 1941

Dear Sirs,

I am doing visiting cases and in each one introducing your wonderful Yeast-Vite Tablets.

I find them especially effective in cases of war nerves, and sleeplessness caused by this.

I have been overworking myself, and have been taking the tablets regularly, and am certain they have enabled me to keep going under trying circumstances.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) Nurse G. S.

Accept This Offer!

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a 1/5 bottle of Yeast-Vite at once. If you don't feel better QUICKLY, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase, and your money will be refunded at once and in full. YEAST-VITE brand tablets 7d., 1/5, 3/5 and 5/8, including Purchase Tax. Sold Everywhere.

Now We Know What Causes CATARRH.....You Can End Your Catarrh, Deafness And Head Noises ONCE AND FOR ALL.

The fearful RISE of Catarrh germs from the Colon can be likened to the action of a pump. Disorders caused in various organs of the body are shown alongside.

Thousands who suffer month in and month out from constant Catarrh will welcome the discovery by a London specialist of a simple method of home treatment that permanently clears the cause of the horrible mucus from the system for ever. Below he explains how it must result in complete freedom, not merely temporary relief, and gives the reasons for its remarkable swiftness of action. Indeed, so certain is the result from following the information he is prepared to send free to all sufferers, that it is possible to offer one of the most remarkable health guarantees ever publicly made.

CATARRH BEGINS IN THE COLON How clogged breathing passages and head effects are only SYMPTOMS of a serious internal condition

"Sufferers from nasal Catarrh are often aware of Catarrh in the Colon, or lower bowel," said Mr. Allan Cooper. "They should understand the meaning of this evacuated mucus. I suffered ten years myself before the truth dawned upon me. During that time I inhaled and sniffed prescriptions up my nose to such an extent that I became certain the cause of Catarrh was NOT in the nose, or the barrage I put up must have mastered it. No it was the continual recurrence of one important fact that finally convinced me we had all been looking for the cause in the wrong place. I noticed that whenever Colon Catarrh was very marked, it was quickly followed by a fresh outbreak in the head. Then, the Colon Catarrh came first and I found I could foretell my worst head attacks.

"From this it was clear you have Catarrh long before your head passages become clogged; that the germs breed among the waste products of the body; that they spread upwards through the stomach, giving you internal disorders on the way; finally the infection reaches the head, and it is only then you say 'My Catarrh is bad again today.'

"This is why head treatments alone only give temporary relief. To end Catarrh for good you must clear out the source in the Colon, at the same time as treating the head. In this way you can clear your head passages overnight, since the internal treatment prevents fresh germs emanating from the Colon. Soon the Colon nest is wiped out and you are then completely free." Following Mr. Cooper's instructions, this is how more than 150,000 sufferers have permanently conquered their Catarrh. Their success enables the following public guarantee to be offered to all sufferers:—

By MAY 31st

(If you delay writing add 1 or 2 days.)

you can be breathing easily and more comfortably through your nose, your head "clear as a bell" with keener hearing and sharper senses, YOUR CATARRH CLEARING UP FOR GOOD, or your trial of the treatment shall not cost a penny. This offer means just what it says, and full instructions how to treat yourself at home, will be sent free without obligation to all who tear out this announcement, write name and address in the margin and post today to Mr. Allan Cooper, 246, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please send NO money. The treatment is yours to prove in the only way that matters before you decide whether it is worth its modest fee. *If you care to enclose a 2½d. stamp to cover postage it will be appreciated.* Adv. Instl. 10/5/41

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